THE

Christian Hero:

An ARGUMENT proving that no

PRINCIPLES

But those of

RELIGION

ARE SUFFICIENT

To make a Great Man.

By Sir *RICHARD STEELE.*

——*Fragili quærens illidere dentem*
Offendet solido—— HOR.

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1607/3631.

To the Right Honourable the

LORD *CUTTS*,

Colonel *of his Majeſty's* Cold-Stream *Regiment of Guards*, &c.

My LORD,

THE Addreſs of the following Papers is ſo very much due to your LORDSHIP, that they are but a mere Report of what has paſt upon my Guard to my Commander, for they were writ upon Duty, when the Mind was perfectly diſengag'd and at Leiſure in the ſilent Watch of the Night, to run over the buſy Dream of the Day; and the Vigilance which obliges us to ſuppoſe an Enemy always near us, has awaken'd a Senſe that

there is a reſtleſs and ſubtle one which conſtantly attends our Steps, and meditates our Ruin.

Thoughts of this Nature, a Man may with Freedom acknowledge to Your LORDSHIP, who have ever been ſo far from running into the Faſhionable Vice of Exploding Religion, that your early Valour firſt appear'd againſt the profeſs'd Enemies of Chriſtianity; and *Buda* had tranſmitted you to late Poſterity, but that you yourſelf have obliterated your Part in that Glorious Scene by the freſher Memory of you, at *Limerick* and *Namure*.

With one honeſt Purpoſe of Life, and conſtant Service of one Intereſt, and one Cauſe, in what Country have you not Fought? In what Field have you not Bled? But I know I here offend you, nor will you allow Warmth in Commendation to be like a Friend; but if, my LORD, to ſpeak you Generous, Honeſt, and Brave be not ſo, I do aſſure you 'tis the only Thing I'll ever do in common with your Enemies.

I

I ſaid your Enemies; but if there are any who have Ignorance or Malice enough to be ſuch, their little Hates muſt be loſt in the Diſtinction the better World allow you; and that County (whoſe Diſcerning is refin'd by a learned and elegant Univerſity) has done you ſo great an Honour, in making you unanimouſly their Repreſentative in Parliament, that they who would oppoſe your Reputation, do but confeſs they are unacquainted with what paſſes in the World, and Strangers to the Reſidence of Knowledge and Virtue.

'Twas there you receiv'd thoſe Rudiments of Honour, which have render'd your Life conſpicuous enough to make you appear a worthy Deſcendant of an ancient and diſtinguiſh'd Family, which has ſerv'd the Crown in the moſt eminent Stations, and been equally Favourites of their Country; 'twas there you receiv'd thoſe Impreſſions which inſpire that true Uſe of your Being, which ſo juſtly divides your Time, between Labour and Di-

verſion, that the one does but recreate for the other, and which give a generous Contempt of both, when they come in Competition with the Service of that Country which you love, and that God whom you worſhip.

Go on, my LORD, thus to contemn, and thus to enjoy Life; and if ſome great *Engliſh* Day does not call for that Sacrifice, which you are always ready to offer, may you in a mature Age go to ſleep with your Anceſtors, in Expectation not of an imaginary Fame, but a real Immortality.

As for the Preſent I now make you, if you'll accept it with your uſual Goodneſs and Affection to me, I ſhall entertain no further Hopes; for as your Favour is my Fortune, ſo your Approbation is my Fame.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's
Moſt Obedient, moſt Faithful
and moſt Humble Servant,

Tower Guard,
March 23, 1701.

RICHARD STEELE.

PREFACE.

THE World is divided between two ſorts of People, the Men of Wit and the Men of Buſineſs, and theſe two have it wholly in their Power; but however mighty the latter may eſteem themſelves, they have much the leſs ſhare in the Government of Mankind, and till they can keep the others out of Company as well as Employment, they will have an almoſt irreſiſtable Dominion over us: For their Imagination is ſo very quick and lively, that in all they enjoy or poſſeſs, they have a Reliſh highly Superior to that of ſlower Men; which fine Senſe of things they can communicate to others in ſo prevailing a manner, that they give and take away what Impreſſions they pleaſe; for while the Man of Wit ſpeaks, he beſtows upon his Hearers, by an apt Repreſentation of his Thoughts, all the Happineſs and Pleaſure of being ſuch as he is, and quickens our heavier Life into Joys we ſhould never of ourſelves have taſted, ſo that we are for our own ſakes his Slaves and Followers: But indeed they generally uſe this charming Force with the utmoſt Tyranny, and as 'tis too much in their Power, miſplace our Love, our Hatred, our Deſires and Averſions, on improper Objects; ſo that when we are left to ourſelves, we find Truth diſcolour'd to us; and they of Faculties above us have wrapt things, in their own Nature of a dark and horrid Aſpect, in ſo bright a Diſguiſe, that they have ſtamp'd a kind of Praiſe and Gallantry on ſome Vices, and half perſuaded us that a Whore may be ſtill a Beauty, and an Adulterer no Villain.

Theſe Ills are ſupported by the Arbitrary Sway of legiſlative Redicule, while, by I know not what Pedantry of good Breeding, Converſation is confin'd to indifferent, low, or perhaps vicious Subjects; and all that is ſerious, good or great, almoſt

baniſhed the World: For in Imitation of thoſe we have mentioned, there daily ariſe ſo many Pretenders to do Miſchief, that what ſeem'd at firſt but a Conſpiracy, is now a general Inſurrection againſt Virtue; and when they who really have Wit lead the way, it is hardly to be prevented, but that they muſt be followed by a Crowd who would be ſuch, and make what ſhift they can to appear ſo, by helping one Defect with another, and ſupplying Want of Wit with want of Grace, and want of Reputation with want of Shame.

Thus are Men hurry'd away in the Proſecution of mean and ſenſual Deſires, and inſtead of employing their Paſſions in the Service of Life, they ſpend their Life in the Service of their Paſſions; yet tho' 'tis a Truth very little receiv'd, that Virtue is its own Reward, 'tis ſurely an undeniable one, that Vice is its own Puniſhment; for when we have giv'n our Appetites a looſe Rein, we are immediately precipitated by 'em into unbounded and endleſs Wiſhes, while we repine at our Fortune, if its Narrowneſs curbs 'em, tho' the Gratification of 'em were a Kindneſs, like the Indulgence of a Man's Thirſt in a Dropſy; but this Diſtemper of Mind is never to be remedied, 'till Men will more unreſervedly attempt the Work, and will reſolve to value themſelves rather upon a ſtrong Reaſon to allay their Paſſions, than a fine Imagination to raiſe 'em.

For if we beſt judge of things when we are not actually engag'd or concern'd in 'em, every Man's own Experience muſt inform him that both the Pleaſures we follow, and the Sorrows we ſhun, are in Nature very different from what we conceive 'em, when we obſerve that paſt Enjoyments are anxious, paſt Sufferings pleaſing in the Reflection; and ſince the Memory of the one makes us apprehend our Strength, the other our Weakneſs, it is an Argument of a trivial Mind to prefer the Satisfactions that lead to Inquietude before Pains that lead to Tranquillity.

But if that conſiſts (as it certainly does) in the Mind's Enjoyment of Truth, the moſt vexatious Circumſtance of its Anguiſh, is that of being in doubt; from which Men will find but a very ſhort Relief, if they draw it from the Col-

Collections or Obſervations of ſedentary Men, who have been called Wiſe for propoſing Rules of active Life, which they cannot be ſuppoſed to underſtand: For between the arrogant and fanatick Indolence of ſome, and the falſe and pleaſurable Felicity of others (which are equally Chimæra's) a Man is ſo utterly divided, that the Happineſs of Philoſophers appears as fantaſtick as the Miſery of Lovers.

We ſhall not, 'tis hop'd, be underſtood by ſaying this, to imagin that there is a ſufficient Force in the following ſhort Eſſay, to ſtem the univerſal and deſtructive Torrent of Error and Pleaſure; it is ſufficient if we can ſtand without being carry'd away with it, and we ſhall very willingly reſign the Glory of an Oppoſition, if we can enjoy the Safety of a Defence; and as it was at firſt attempted to diſengage my own Mind from deceiving Appearances, ſo it can be publiſhed for no other end, but to ſet others a thinking with the ſame Inclination: Which whoever will pleaſe to do, will make a much better Argument for his own private Uſe, than anybody elſe can for him: For ill Habits of the Mind, no more than thoſe of the Body, are to be cured by the Patient's Approbation of the Medicine, except he'll reſolve to take it; and if my Fellow-Soldiers (to whoſe Service more eſpecially I would direct any Thoughts I were capable of) would form to themſelves (if any do not) a conſtant Reaſon of their Actions, they would find themſelves better prepar'd for all the Viciſſitudes they are to meet with, when inſtead of the changeable Heat of mere Courage and Blood, they acted upon the firm Motives of Duty, Valour, and Conſtancy of Soul.

For (however they are diſ-eſteem'd by ſome Unthinking, not to ſay, ungrateful Men) to profeſs Arms, is to profeſs being ready to die for others; nor is it an ordinary Struggle between Reaſon, Senſe, and Paſſion, that can raiſe Men to a calm and ready Negligence of Life, and animate 'em to aſſault without Fear, purſue without Cruelty, and ſtab without Hatred.

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But virtuous Principles muſt infallibly be not only better than any other we can embrace, to warm us to great Attempts, but alſo to make our Days in their ordinary Paſſage ſlide away agreeably: For as nothing is more daring than Truth, ſo there is nothing more chearful than Innocence: And indeed I need not have been beholden to the Experience of a various Life to have been convinc'd, that true Happineſs is not to be found but where I at preſent place it; for I was long ago inform'd where only it was to be had, by the Reverend Dr. Ellis, *my ever honour'd Tutor; which great Obligation I could not but mention, tho' my Gratitude to him is perhaps an Accuſation of myſelf, who ſhall appear to have ſo little profited by the Inſtitution of ſo ſolid and excellent a Writer, tho' he is above the Temptation of (what is always in his Power) being famous.*

THE

THE *Christian Hero:*

OR,

No PRINCIPLES but thoſe of

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To make a Great Man.

IT is certainly the moſt uſeful Task we can poſſibly undertake, to reſcue our Minds from the Prejudice with which a falſe and unreaſonable Fondneſs of ourſelves has enſlaved us. But the Examination of our own Boſoms is ſo ungrateful an Exerciſe, that we are forc'd upon a Thouſand little Arts, to lull ourſelves into an imperfect Tranquillity, which we might obtain ſincere and uninterrupted, if we had Courage enough to look at the ghaſtly Part of our Condition: But we are ſtill Flatterers to ourſelves, and Hypocrites the wrong way, by chooſing, inſtead of the ſolid Satisfaction of Innocence and Truth, the returning Pangs of Conſcience, and working

out

out our Damnation as we are taught to do our Happineſs, *with Fear and Trembling.*

But this Misfortune we owe, as we do moſt others, to an unjuſt Education, by which we are inſpir'd with an Ambition of acquiring ſuch Modes and Accompliſhments, as rather enable us to give Pleaſure and Entertainment to others, than Satisfaction and Quiet to ourſelves: So phantaſtical are we as to dreſs for a Ball when we are to ſet out on a Journey; and upon Change of Weather, are juſtly derided, not pitied by the Beholders. How then ſhall we prepare for the unaccountable Road of Life, when we know not how long or how ſhort it will prove, or what Accidents we ſhall meet in our Paſſage? Can we take anything with us that can make us chearful, ready and prepar'd for all Occaſions, and can ſupport us againſt all Encounters? Yes, we may (if we would receive it;) a Confidence in God. Yet, leſt this be impos'd upon Men by a blind Force of Cuſtom, or the Artifice of ſuch Persons whose Intereſt perhaps it may be to obtrude upon our Mirth, and our Gaiety, and give us a melancholy Proſpect (as ſome Men would perſuade us) to maintain themſelves in the Luxury they deny us; let us not be frighted from the liberal uſe of our Senſes, or meanly reſign our preſent Opinions, 'till we are convinc'd from our own Reflection alſo, that there is ſomething in that Opinion which can make us leſs inſolent in Joy, leſs depreſs'd in Adverſity, than the Methods we are already engag'd in. And indeed the chief Cauſe of Irreſolution in either State, muſt proceed from the want of an adæquate Motive to our Actions, that can render Men dauntleſs and invincible both to Pleaſure and Pain.

It were not then, methinks, an uſeleſs Enquiry to ſearch into the Reaſon that we are ſo willing to arm ourſelves againſt the Aſſaults of Delight and Sorrow, rather with the Dictates of Morality than thoſe of Religion; and how it has obtain'd, that when we ſay a thing was done like an old *Roman*, we have a generous and ſublime Idea, that warms and kindles in us, together with a certain Self-diſdain, and deſire of Imitation; when, on the other ſide, to ſay, 'twas like a Primitive Chriſtian, chills Ambition, and ſeldom riſes to more than the cold Approbation of a Duty that perhaps

a Man wiſhes he were not oblig'd to. Or, in a word, Why is it that the Heathen ſtruts, and the Chriſtian ſneaks in our Imagination? If it be as *Machiavil* ſays, That Religion throws our Minds below noble and hazardous Purſuits, then its Followers are Slaves and Cowards; but if it gives a more hardy and aſpiring Genius than the World before knew, then he, and all our fine Obſervers, who have been pleaſed to give us only Heathen Portraitures, to ſay no worſe, have robb'd their Pens of Characters the moſt truly gallant and heroick that ever appear'd to Mankind.

About the time the World receiv'd the beſt News it ever heard, the Men whoſe Actions and Fortunes are moſt pompouſly array'd in Story, had juſt acted or were then performing their Parts, as if it had been the Deſign of Providence to prepoſſeſs at that time, after a more ſingular manner than ordinary, the Minds of Men, with the Trappings and Furniture of Glory and Riches, to heighten the Virtue and Magnanimity of thoſe who were to oppoſe 'em all, by paſſing through Wants, Miſeries and Diſgraces; and indeed the ſhining Actions of theſe illuſtrious Men do yet glare ſo much in our Faces, that we loſe our Way by following a falſe Fire, which well conſider'd is but a deluſive Vapour of the Earth, when we might enjoy the leading conſtant Light of Heaven.

To make therefore a juſt Judgment in our Conduct, let us conſider two or three of the moſt eminent Heathen, and obſerve whether they, or we, are better appointed for the hard and weary March of human Life; for which Examination we will not look into the Cloſets of Men of Reflection and Retirement, but into the Practice and Reſolution of thoſe of Action and Enterprize. There were never Perſons more conſpicuouſly of this latter ſort, than thoſe concern'd in the Fortunes and Death of *Cæſar*; and ſince the Pulſe of Man then beat at the higheſt, we will think it ſufficient to our Purpoſe carefully to review him, and them, as they march by us, and if we can ſee any apparent Defect in their Armour, find out ſome way to mend it in our own. But it will require all our Patience, by taking notice of the minuteſt things, to come at (what is absolutely

absolutely neceſſary to us) the Receſſes of their Hearts, and Folds of their Tempers.

Salluſt has transmitted to us two very great, but very different Personages, *Cæſar* and *Cato*, and plac'd them together in the moſt judicious Manner for appearing to advantage, by the alternate Light and Shade of each other. *Cæſar*'s Bounty, Magnificence, popular and ſumptuous Entertainments, ſtole an universal Affection; *Cato*'s Parſimony, Integrity, auſtere and rigid Behaviour commanded as universal Reverence: None could do an ungentile thing before *Cæſar*, none a loose one before *Cato*: To one 'twas Recommendation enough to be miserable, to the other to be good: To *Cæſar* all Faults were pardonable, to *Cato* none: One gave, oblig'd, pity'd and ſuccour'd indifferently; t'other blam'd, oppos'd and condemn'd impartially: *Cæſar* was the Refuge of the Unhappy, *Cato* the Bane of the Wicked: *Cato* had rather be, than ſeem good; *Cæſar* was careleſs of either, but as it ſerv'd his Intereſts: *Cato*'s Sword was the Sword of Juſtice, *Cæſar*'s that of Ambition: *Cæſar* had an excellent common Sense and right Judgment of Occaſion, Time and Place; the other blunt Man underſtood not Application, knew how to be in the Right, but was generally ſo, out of Season: *Cæſar*'s Manner made even his Vice charming, *Cato*'s even his Virtue disagreeable: *Cæſar* inſinuated Ill, *Cato* intruded Good: *Cæſar* in his Sayings, his Actions and his Writings was the firſt and happieſt of all Men: In his Diſcourse he had a conſtant Wit and right Reason; in his Actions, Gallantry and Succeſs; in his Writings, everything that any Author can pretend to, and one which perhaps no Man else ever had; he mentions himself with a good Grace. Thus it was very natural for *Cæſar*, adorn'd with every Art, Maſter of every neceſſary Quality, either for Use or Ornament, with a ſteady and well-plac'd Induſtry to out-run *Cato*, and all like him, who had none and deſir'd none but (an ever weak Party) the Good for his Friends.

Now this Sort of Men were *Cæſar* and *Cato*, and by these Arts they arriv'd at that height, which has left one's Name proverbial for a noble and princely Nature, t'other's for an unmov'd and inexorable Honeſty: Yet, without following 'em

'em thro' all the handſom Incidents and Paſſages of Life, we may know 'em well enough in Miniature, by beholding 'em only in their manner of Dying: For in thoſe laſt Minutes, the Soul and Body both collect all their Force, either bravely to oppoſe the Enemy, or gracefully receive the *Conqueror*, Death.

Cæſar by a long Tract of Succeſſes, was now become apparent Maſter of his Country, but with a Security that's natural to gallant Men, heroically forgave the moſt inveterate of his Opposers: Now was he follow'd with Applauſe, Renown, and Acclamation: His Valour had ſubdued the Bodies, his Clemency the Minds of his Enemies: And how bleſs'd muſt the Earth be under his Command, who ſeems to court Dominion for no other end, but to indulge an inſatiable Mind in the glorious Pleaſures of beſtowing and forgiving? This was the Figure *Cæſar* bore in the World's Opinion, but not in *Cato*'s. He was there a Tyrant in ſpite of the Gloſs of Succeſs and of Fortune, which could not create Appearances bright enough to dazzle his Eyes from ſeeing the Traitor in the Conqueror: He knew to give a Man his own as a Bounty was but a more impudent Robbery, and a Wrong improv'd by the Slavery of an Obligation: He juſtly and generouſly diſdain'd that his Fellow-Citizen ſhould pretend to be his Lord; to his honeſt Mind a Pardon was but a more arrogant Inſult, nor could he bear the Apprehenſion of ſeeing his Equal inflict upon him a *tyrannical Forgiveneſs*: What then muſt this unhappy good Man do? Whither ſhall oppreſs'd Virtue fly from Slavery? From *Slavery? No.* He is ſtill free Lord of himſelf, and Maſter of his Paſſions; *Cæſar* is the Captive, he is ſhackl'd, he is chain'd; and the numerous Troops which he boaſts the Companions of his Triumphs, and his Glories, are but ſo many Witneſſes of his Shame and Confuſion, to whom he has by an open Uſurpation manifeſted his broken Faith, falſe Profeſſion, and proſtituted Honour. But how far this Impreſſion of intrinſick Glory and Happineſs in ſincere though diſtreſs'd Virtue, and the Senſe of a wicked Man's abject, though proſperous Condition (which *Cato*'s Philoſophy gave him) did avail in his afflicted Hours; the Reſolution he is going to take will demonſtrate.

He had now at *Utica* freſh and ſhocking Intelligence of the gathering Adherents to his Enemy, and could read, in his own Company, the meer Followers of Fortune in their Countenance, but obſerv'd it with a negligent and undaunted Air, concern'd only for the Fate of others, whose weak Pity of themselves made 'em the Objects of his Compaſſion also. It was viſible by a thousand little officious things he did, he was reſolv'd to leave this bad World: For he ſpent the Day, which he deſign'd ſhould be his laſt, in a certain Vanity of Goodneſs: He conſulted, perſuaded, and diſpatch'd all he thought neceſſary for the Safety of thoſe that were about him; which Services they receiv'd from him, whoſe Intent they ſaw, with Tears, and Shame, and Admiration.

He continued the whole Evening this affected Enjoyment of his Friends Anxiety for him, which he rais'd by ſet Diſcourſes, and abated, or rather confirm'd by a ſtudied Indifference, 'till he went to Bed, where he read *Plato*'s Immortality, and Gueſſes at a future Life: At laſt he enquir'd for his Sword, on purpoſe miſ-laid by his Son; they did not immediately bring it, which he ſeem'd to take no notice of, but again fell to his Book: After his ſecond Lecture, he again wanted his Sword: Their Heſitation in letting him have it, threw him into an unſeemly Rage, and Expoſtulation with his Friends, whoſe obliging Sorrow with-held it: What has he done, what has he committed, to be betray'd into the Hands of his Enemy? Had *Cato*'s Wiſdom ſo far left him, that he muſt be diſarm'd, like a Slave and a Madman? What had his Son ſeen ſo indiſcreet in his Father, that he was not to be truſted with himſelf? To all this cruel and intemperate Queſtion, he was anſwer'd with the humbleſt Behaviour, tendereſt Beſeeching, and deepeſt Eſteem: They implor'd his Stay amongſt 'em as their Genius, their Guardian, and Benefactor; among the reſt, a fond Slave was putting in his Reſiſtance, and his Affliction, for which he daſh'd the poor Fellow's Teeth out with his Fiſt, and forc'd out of the Room his lamenting Friends, with Noiſe, and Taunt, and Tumult; a little while after had his Hand, with which he ſtruck his Servant, dreſs'd, lay down, and was heard to ſnore; but ſure

ſure we may charitably enough believe, from all this unquiet Carriage, that the Sleep was diſſembled, from which as ſoon as he awak'd, he ſtabb'd himſelf, and fell on the Floor: His Fall alarm'd his wretched Dependants, whoſe Help he reſiſted by tearing open his own Bowels, and ruſhing out of Life with Fury, Rage, and Indignation.

THIS was the applauded Exit of that noble *Roman*, who is ſaid with a ſuperior and invincible Conſtancy to have eluded the Partiality of Fortune, and eſcap'd the Incurſion upon the Liberty of his Country: It ſeems then, had he liv'd, his own had been loſt, and his calling himſelf ſtill free, and *Cæſar* the Uſurper, a Bond-man and Slave, were but meer Words; for his Opinion of Things was in Reality ſtunn'd by Succeſs, and he dy'd diſappointed of the imaginary Self-Exiſtence his own Set of Thoughts had promis'd him, by an Action below the Precepts of his Philoſophy, and the Conſtancy of his Life.

THUS did *Cato* leave the World, for which indeed he was very unfit, in the Hands of the moſt skilful Man in it, who at his Entrance on its Empire excell'd his paſt glorious Life, by uſing with ſo much Temper and Moderation, what he had purchas'd with ſo much Bloodſhed and Violence: But we muſt leave at present this buſy and *inceſſant* Mind to the Meditation of levelling inacceſſable Mountains, checking the Courſe of the Ocean, and correcting the Periods of Time: We muſt leave him employ'd in modelling the Univerſe (now his own) in the ſecure Enjoyment of a Life hitherto led in illuſtrious Hazards, and now every way ſafe, but where 'tis its Beauty to lie open, to the Treachery of his Friends.

AMONG the many Pretenders to that Character was *Caſſius*, an able and experienc'd Soldier, bound to him by no leſs an Obligation, than the giving him Life and Quarter in Battle; he was of a dark, ſullen and *involv'd* Spirit, quick to receive, but ſlow to diſcover a Diſtaſte; his Anger never flew into his Face, but deſcended to his Heart, which rankled and prey'd upon itſelf, and could not admit of Compoſure, either from Religion or Philoſophy; but being a perfect *Epicurean*, and fancying there were none, or if any, only lazy and ſupine Deities, muſt neceſſarily terminate his

Hopes and Fears in himſelf, and from his own Arm expect all the Good and Evil of which his Life was capable: This Man, in his Temper uneaſy, and piqu'd by a certain Partiality of *Cæſar*'s to his Diſadvantage, could not ſatisfy a ſedate bloody Humour by any leſs Reparation than his Ruin; and having a revengful Biaſs of Mind, a ſhort Memory of Kindneſſes, and an indelible Reſentment of Wrongs, reſolv'd to cancel an odious Benefit, by a pleaſing Injury: To this Determination he was prompted by the worſt *only Good* Quality a Man can have, an undaunted Courage, which fermented in him a reſtleſs and *gnawing* Meditation of his *Enemy's, that is, his Benefactor's Death*; a Thought befitting the Greatneſs of his Ambition, and the largneſs of his pernicious Capacity; his Capacity which conſiſted in a skilful Diſſimulation of his Faults; for being full of thoſe Vices which nearly approach, and eaſily aſſume the Reſemblance of Virtue, and ſeldom throw a Man into viſible and obvious Follies, he ſo well accommodated his ill Qualities to the good ones of thoſe with whom he convers'd, that he was very well with the beſt Men by a Similitude of their Manners; his Avarice obtain'd the Frugal; his Spleen, and Diſreliſh of Joy, the Sober and Abſtinent; his Envy and Hatred of Superiors, the Aſſerters of publick Liberty: This conſiderable Wretch skilfully warm'd and urg'd ſome of his own Temper, whom he knew ready for any great Miſchief, to pull down the overgrown *Cæſar*, and enſnar'd others by the ſpecious Pretence of a ſincere Love to his Country, to meet all Hazards for her Recovery. Theſe illuſtrious Ruffians, who were indeed Men of the moſt Weight, and the boldeſt Spirits of the *Roman* Empire, deſign'd to diſpatch him in the Eye of all the World, in open Senate; but neither their Quality or Accompliſhments were great enough to ſupport 'em in ſo nefarious an Attempt without there could be an Expedient thought of, to give it a more ſacred Eſteem, than any of their Characters could inſpire: 'Twas therefore neceſſary to make *Marcus Brutus* of the Conſpiracy.

This Gentleman poſſeſs'd the very Boſom of *Cæſar*, who having had a notorious Intrigue with his Mother, was believ'd to have thought him his Son; but whether that, or

an Admiration of his Virtue, was the Cauſe of his Fondneſs, he had ſo tender a Regard for him, that at the Battle of *Pharſalia* he gave it in Orders to the whole Army, if he would not take Quarter to let him eſcape: He was, like *Cæſar*, addicted to Letters and Arms, and tho' not equal to him in his *Capacity for either*, above him in the Uſe of both. He never drew his Sword but with a Deſign to ſerve his Country, nor ever read with any other Purpoſe but to ſubdue his Paſſions, ſo that he had from Books rather an Habit of Life, than a Faculty of Speech; in his Thoughts as well as Actions he was a ſtrict Follower of Honeſty and Juſtice; all he ſaid, as well as all he did, ſeem'd to flow from a publick and unbiaſs'd Spirit: He had no Occaſion for the Powers of Eloquence to be able to perſuade, for all Men knew 'twas their Intereſt to be of his Mind; and he had, before he ſpoke, that firſt Point, the good Will of his Audience, for every Man's Love of himſelf made him a Lover of *Brutus*. He had this Eminence without the leaſt Taint of Vanity, and a great Fame ſeem'd not ſo much the Purſuit, as the Conſequence of his Actions: Thus ſhould he do a Thing which might be liable to Exception, Men would be more apt to ſuſpect their own Judgment than his Integrity, and believe whatever was the Cauſe of the Action, it muſt be a good one, ſince it mov'd him: And tho' a perfect Love of Mankind was the Spring of all he acted, that human Temper never threw him into Facility, but ſince he knew an ungrounded Compaſſion to one Man might be a Cruelty to another, meer Diſtreſſes without Juſtice to plead for 'em could never prevail upon him, but, all gentle as he was, he was impregnable to the moſt repeated Importunity, even that of his own good Nature.

Such was the renown'd *Brutus*, and one would think a Man who had no ill Ambition to ſatisfy, no looſe Paſſions to indulge, but whoſe Life was a regular, eaſy, and ſedate Motion, ſhould be in little Temptation of falling into a Plot; but ill Men, where they cannot meet a convenient Vice, can make uſe of a Virtue to a baſe Purpoſe.

He was lineally deſcended from the famous *Brutus*, that extinguiſh'd the *Tarquins*, whoſe Debauches and Cruelties made a regal Name in *Rome* as juſtly odious, as that of the

Bruti venerable for the Extirpation of it; and *Cæſar* had very lately, in the midſt of an abſolute and unlimited Power, betray'd a fantaſtick Ambition of being call'd King, which render'd him obnoxious to the Malice of the Conſpirators and the Virtue of *Brutus*. This was the Place where the Magnanimity of that Patriot ſeem'd moſt acceſſible, for 'twas obvious, that he who wanted nothing elſe to ſpur him to glorious Attempts, muſt be alſo animated by the Memory of illuſtrious Anceſtors, and not like narrow and degenerate Spirits, be ſatisfied with the Fantask of Honour deriv'd from others, from whom, without a Similitude of Virtue, 'tis an unhappy Diſtinction to deſcend.

YET however hopeful this Handle appear'd, they could not ſo abruptly attempt upon his awful Character, as immediately to propoſe the Murther to him, without ſome diſtant Preparation of Mind to receive it. There were therefore theſe Words frequently dropt in his Way, from unknown Hands: Thou art no longer, *Brutus*; thou art aſleep, *Brutus*; and the like: By which Artifice he grew very thoughtful and buſy with himſelf, about the Purpoſe of theſe Advertiſements: One of ſuch Moments *Caſſius* took hold of, and opened to him the great Deſign for the Liberty of his Country from *Cæſar*'s Uſurpation: There needed no more to make him do a Thing, but his Belief that 'twas juſt; he ſoon conſented that *Cæſar* deſerv'd to die, and ſince he did, to die by his Hand: Gaining this Perſonage, made all ripe for Execution, and *Caſſius* poſſeſs'd a full Satisfaction, in that he had engag'd a Man in the Attempt, who in the Eyes of the People, inſtead of being ſully'd by it, would ſtamp a Juſtice and Authority upon the Action; whoſe confirm'd Reputation was ſufficient to expiate a Murther, and conſecrate an Aſſaſſination.

YET tho' his Juſtice made him readily conſent to *Cæſar*'s Death, his Gratitude upon Reflection ſhook his Reſolution to act in it; all which Conflict with himſelf we cannot view without the Incident of *Porcia*'s Story.

THIS Lady obſerv'd her Husband fall on a ſudden from an eaſy, placid and fond, into a troubled, ſhort and diſtracted Behaviour; ſhe ſaw his Mind too much employ'd for the conjugal Endearments, and kind Tenderneſſes, in which ſhe

she was usually happy, yet upon this Observation grew neither jealous or sullen, but mourn'd his Silence of his Affliction to her with as deep a Silence: This Lady, I say, this noble *Roman* Wife turn'd all her Suspicion upon herself, and modestly believ'd 'twas her Incapacity for bearing so great a Secret, as that which discompos'd the stedfast *Brutus*, made him conceal from her an Affliction, which she thought she had a Title to participate; and therefore resolv'd to know of herself, whether his Secrecy was a Wrong to her before she would think it so; to make this Experiment, she gave herself a deep Stab in the Thigh, and thought if she could bear that Torture, she could also that of a Secret; the Anguish and Concealment of her Wound threw her into a Fever, in that Condition she thus spoke to her Husband.

"I, *Brutus*, being the Daughter of *Cato*, was given to you in Marriage, not like a Concubine, to partake only of the common Civilities of Bed and Board, but to bear a Part in all your good and all your evil Fortunes; and for my part, when I look on you, I find no Reason to repent this Match; but from me, what Evidence of my Love, what Satisfaction can you receive, if I may not share with you in your most hidden Griefs, nor to be admitted to any of your Counsels, that require Secrecy and Trust? I know very well, that Women seem to be of too weak a Nature to be trusted with Secrets; but certainly, *Brutus*, a virtuous Birth and Education, and a Conversation with the Good and Honourable, are of some Force to the forming our Manners, and strengthning our natural Weakness; and I can boast that I am the Daughter of *Cato*, and the Wife of *Brutus*. In which two great Titles, tho' before I put too little Confidence, yet now I have try'd myself, I find that even against Grief and Pain I am invincible.

Vid. Mr. Duke's *Translation of the Life of* Brutus.

She then told him what she had done, but it is not easy to represent the kind Admiration such a Discourse must give a Husband; and the sweet Transport that was drawn from their mutual Affliction, is too delicate a Touch of Mind to be understood but by a *Brutus* and a *Porcia*. Yet tho' he

was not too wise to be tender to his Wife, when he had unbosom'd himself, in ſpite of this laſt Action, and a thouſand nameleſs Things, that occurr'd to his Memory to ſoften him, he left his illuſtrious Heroin in her Pains and her Sorrows, to purſue his publick Resolutions. But he is gone, and ſhe can burſt into those Tears which the Aw of his Virtue had made her ſmother; for how alaſs ſhall the Heart of Woman receive ſo harſh a Virtue, as to gratify her Husband's Will, by consenting to his Ruin? How ſhall ſhe ſtruggle with her own Weakneſs and his Honour? But while ſhe lay in his Bosom ſhe learn'd all the Gallantry of it, and when ſhe ponders his immortal Fame, his generous Juſtice, and *Roman* Resolution, her Mind enlarges into a Greatneſs, which ſurmounts her Sex, and her Affection: When ſhe views him in the conſpicuous Part of Life, ſhe can bear, nay, triumph in his Loſs; but when ſhe reflects and remembers their tenderer Hours, thus would he look, thus would he talk, ſuch was his Geſture, Mein, the Mirth, the Gaiety of the Man ſhe lov'd (which Inſtances are more intimate Objects of Affection, that Men's greater Qualities) then ſhe is all Woman, ſhe reſigns the great, but laments the agreeable Man: Can then my *Brutus* leave me? Can he leave these longing Arms for Fame? She has no juſt Notion of any higher Being to ſupport her wretched Condition; but however her female Infirmity made her languiſh, ſhe has ſtill Conſtancy enough to keep a Secret that concerns her Husband's Reputation, tho' ſhe melts away in Tears, and pines into Death in Contemplation of her Sufferings.

Such muſt have been the Soliloquy of this memorable Wife, who has left behind her an everlaſting Argument, how far a generous Treatment can make that tender Sex go even beyond the Resolution of Man, when we allow that they are by Nature form'd to Pity, Love and Fear, and we with an Impulse to Ambition, Danger and Adventure.

The World bore a Gloom and heavy Presage of *Caſar*'s approaching Fate. 'Tis ſaid wild Beaſts came into the moſt frequented Parts of the City, Apparitions in the Streets, unusual Illuminations in the Skies, and inauſpicious Sacrifices damp'd the Hearts of all Men, but the Aſſaſſins, who with

with an incredible Calm of Mind expect the Opportunity of ſatiating their Vengeance in the Blood of the Uſurper; yet was not *Caſſius* himſelf wholly unconcern'd, for tho' he was as great an Atheiſt as any among us can pretend to be, he had the Weakneſs and Superſtition at that Time, to invoke a Statue of *Pompey* for his Aſſiſtance. It is as obſervable, that *Cæſar*, the Evening before his Fate, in a Supper-Converſation (at one of his Murtherer's Houſes) on the Subject of Death, pronounced a ſudden one to be the moſt deſirable, and a little ſhogg'd with reiterated ill Omens, and touch'd with the foreboding Dreams and Frights of a tender Wife, reſolv'd to forbear going to the Senate on the Morning appointed for his *Execution*; which Difficulty D. *Brutus* undertook to get over; a Gentleman ſo ſuperlatively excellent that Way, that he could not only upon ſuch an Occaſion appear compos'd, but alſo in very good Humour; this *ſneering* Ruffian rallied away his Fears, and with a very good Mein conducted his Friend to his Murther.

When he came into the Senate they roſe to him, and with a pretended joint Petition for a baniſh'd Man, the Aſſaſſins preſs'd about him, as ſoon as he was ſeated: He ſeverally check'd their Importunity, but while they were thus employ'd, one of 'em gave the Sign by throwing his Robe over his Neck; another oppreſs'd with the Grandeur of the Attempt, made at him an irreſolute Paſs: He briskly oppos'd the Villain, and call'd him ſo; they all ruſh'd on him with drawn Ponyards, ſtill he reſiſted 'till he ſaw *Brutus* coming on, then with a generous and diſdainful Reſignation, yielded to the Stroke of a pardon'd, oblig'd and rewarded Friend. But there are in *England* a Race of Men, who have this Action in the moſt profeſs'd Veneration, and who ſpeciouſly miscal the Rancour, Malice and Hatred of all happier and higher than themſelves, (which they have in common with *Caſſius*) Gallantry of Mind, Diſdain of Servitude, and Paſſion for Publick Good, which they pretend to with *Brutus*; and thus qualified with Ill, ſet up for Faction, Buſineſs and Enmity to Kings. But 'tis to be hop'd theſe Men only run round 'till they're giddy, and when all Things turn too, fancy themſelves Authors of

the Motion about 'em, and so take their Vertigo for their Force; for sure they have a futile Pretence to a good publick Spirit, who have an ill private one.

But there lies the mighty *Cæsar*, an eternal Instance how much too generous and too believing those unhappy Princes are, who depend upon the tie of Men's Obligations to 'em, without having their Opinions on their side; for nothing hinders a Man's walking by the Principles of his Soul, but an Opportunity to exert 'em; when that occurs, the secret Enemy throws off his Mask, and draws his Dagger.

Yet Reflections of this Nature are somewhat foreign to our Purpose, we must therefore follow these bloody Men, to a Fate as violent as they gave their Benefactor; for 'twas in Providence to frustrate their Counsels, by turning that Virtue to their Ruin, which they had ensnared for their Protection. The fearless *Brutus* had too much Clemency, to make this Blow safe by the Execution of the nearest Adherents to *Cæsar*; his Safety consisted in his unbias's'd Mind and undaunted Resolution, which would not let him stoop to the taking away any Life below that of the greatest of Mankind.

However this Injury was repair'd to *Cæsar*, for he was voted a God in the very Place where he ceas'd to be a Man, which had been a good saving Clause, cou'd they have persuaded his Successor *Octavius* also to have been contented with *Omnipotence*; but the young *Scholar* was so much enamour'd with this World, that he left his *Book* to disturb and rule it; and to compass his End, took upon him the hopeful Resolution of sparing no Man, from a Reflection perhaps that his Uncle was ruin'd by Mercy in his Victories.

But it is not our Business, to fall into an historical Account of the various Occurrences, which happen'd in the War between the *Cæsarian* Army and that of the Conspirators, any further than it is necessary for judging how far the Principles they walk'd by were useful to 'em in their greatest Extremities. As *Brutus* one Evening sat pensive and revolving, the Passages of Life, and the Memory of *Cæsar*, occurr'd to him, now perhaps not as a Traitor, a Tyrant, or Usurper, but as one he lov'd and murther'd; an

n Apparition appear'd (or he thought appear'd to him) which told him he was his evil Genius, and would meet him at *Philippi*, to which he calmly answer'd, *I'll meet thee there:* But he communicated a ſad Impreſſion which this made upon him to *Caſſius*, who in an *Epicurean* Manner gave him a ſuperficial Comfort, by Diſcourſes of the Illuſions, our Fancies, our Dreams, and our Sorrows imprint upon the Mind, and make an imaginary a real Torment. Yet the Night before the fatal Battle he enquir'd (in caſe of a Defeat) his Reſolution as to Flight and Death, To which *Brutus:*

" When I was Young, *Caſſius*, and unſkilful in Affairs, I was engag'd I know not how into an Opinion of Philoſophy, which made me accuſe *Cato* for killing himſelf, as thinking it an irreligious Act againſt the Gods, nor any ways valiant amongſt Men, not to ſubmit to divine Providence, nor be able fearleſly to receive and undergo whatever ſhall happen; but to fly from it: But now in the midſt of Dangers I am quite of another Mind, for if Providence ſhall not diſpoſe what I now undertake according to our Wiſhes, I reſolve to try no farther Hopes, nor make any more Preparations for War, but will die contented with my Fortune, for I already have given up my Life to the Service of my Country on the *Ides* of *March*, and all the Time that I lived ſince, has been with Liberty and Honour.

Vid. Mr. Duke's *Tranſlation of the Life of* Brutus. *Plut.*

However gallant this Speech may ſeem at firſt Sight, it is upon Reflection a very mean one; for he urges no Manner of Reaſon for his Deſertion of the noble Principle of Reſignation to the divine Will, but his Dangers and Diſtreſſes, which indeed is no more than if he had plainly confeſs'd, that all the Schemes we can form to ourſelves in a compos'd and proſperous Condition, when we come to be oppreſs'd with Calamities, vaniſh from us, and are but the Effects of luxuriant Eaſe and good Humour, and languiſh and die away with 'em: But to make this a fair Deduction from this Diſcourſe, let us impartially (but with Tenderneſs and Pity) look at him in his laſt Pangs: At the Battle

Battle of *Philippi*, *Brutus* commanded the Right, *Caſſius* the Left of the Line: The firſt broke the oppoſite Wing of the Enemy, the ſecond was himſelf forc'd. But by a Failure in their Orders and Intelligence, each was ignorant of the other's Fortune; *Brutus* follow'd his Blow, and his Heat drove him too far before he thought of *Caſſius*, whom at laſt with a ſtrong Detachment, he returns to relieve. His Friend retreated to a riſing Ground, to view and bewail the Fate of their Cause, and commanded an Officer to observe that Body marching towards him: The Gentleman ſoon found 'em Friends, and confidently rid in amongſt 'em; they as kindly enclosed him to enquire News: Upon ſeeing this, the miſerable *Caſſius* concluded him taken by the Enemy, and giving all for loſt, retir'd into a Tent, where he was by his own Order kill'd by a Servant.

Here *Brutus*, whom neither the Fondneſs of an excellent Wife, Obligations to a generous Friend, or a Meſſage from the Dead cou'd divert from meeting all Encounters, Sinks and Falls into the moſt extreme Despair.

He, with ſome others that escap'd the Purſuit, retir'd to a Thicket of a Wood, where also finding they were trac'd, 'twas propos'd ſtill to fly: But he, after having expreſs'd a Satisfaction (but a false one, ſince he could not live with it) in his Integrity, which he preferr'd to the Succeſſes of his Enemies, ran upon his Sword, and transfix'd that great Heart with a ſuperfluous Blow, which ſure was before ſtabb'd with the killing Reflection upon *Et tu Brute?*

Here let us throw a Veil over this miſtaken great Man, and if poſſible cover him from human Sight for ever, that his ſeduc'd and *ambiguous* Virtue may be no more prophan'd, as an Umbrage to the Counſels of perjur'd Friends, ſacrilegious Regicides, and implacable Desperadoes.

Now the Use we make of these Reflections, is, that ſince we have ſeen the mighty *Cæſar* himſelf fall into Superſtition at the Thought of his Exit, ſince *Cato*'s firm Conſtancy, *Brutus* his generous Zeal, and *Caſſius* his ſteady Malice, all ended in the ſame Dereliction of themselves, and Despondence at laſt, we may juſtly conclude, that whatever Law we may make to ourselves, from the Greatneſs of Nature or the Principles of Philosophy for the Conduct

duct and Regulation of Life, is itself but an artificial Paſſion, by which we vainly hope to ſubdue those that are natural, and which will certainly riſe or fall with our Disappointment or Succeſs, and we that are liable to both are highly concern'd to be prepar'd for either: At which Perfection there is no nearer Way to arrive, but by attending our own Make, and obſerving by what Means human Life, from its ſimple and rural Happineſs, ſwell'd into the weighty Cares and Diſtractions with which it is at present enchanted; and from this Knowledge of our Misery, *extract* our Satisfaction.

CHAP. II.

MAN is a Creature of ſo mix'd a Compoſure, and of a Frame ſo inconſiſtent and different from itself, that it eaſily ſpeaks his Affinity to the higheſt and meaneſt Beings: That is to ſay, he is made of Body and Soul, he is at once an *Engine* and an *Engineer:* Tho' indeed both that Body and Soul act in many Inſtances ſeparate and independent of each other: For when he thinks, reaſons and concludes, he has not in all that Work the leaſt Aſſiſtance from his Body: His fineſt Fibres, pureſt Blood, and higheſt Spirits are as brute and diſtant from a Capacity of thinking as his very Bones; and the Body is ſo meer a Machine, that it hungers, thirſts, taſtes and digeſts, without any exerted Thought of the Mind to command that Operation: Which when he obſerves upon himſelf, he may, without deriving it from Vapour, Fume or Diſtemper, believe that his Soul may as well exiſt out of, as in that Body from which it borrows nothing to make it capable of performing its moſt perfect Functions. This may give him Hopes, that tho' his Trunk return to its native Duſt he may not all periſh, but the Inhabitant of it may remove to another Manſion; eſpecially ſince he knows only mechanically that they have,

have, not demonſtratively how they have, even a preſent Union.

And ſince this Mind has a Conſciousneſs and ſuperior Reflection upon its own Being and Actions, and that Thoughts flow in upon it, from it knows not what Source, it is not unnatural for it to conceive, that there is ſomething of a Nature like itself, which may, imperceptibly, act upon it, and where it cannot deduce its reasonable Performances from any corporeal Beginning, draw Hopes or Fears from ſome Being thus capable to impreſs Pleasure or Torment; which Being it cannot but ſuppose its Author.

But this its Author is incomprehenſible to the Soul (which he has thought fit to imprison in Sense and Matter) but as he is pleas'd to reveal himself, and beſtow upon it an Expectation of its Enlargment; yet were we to take the Account which poetical Writers give, and ſuppose a Creature with these Endowments wandring among other wild Animals, the intelligent Savage would not be contented with what Rapine or Craft could gain from his Brethren Beaſts, but his Condition would ſtill be as neceſſitous for his better Part; and his dark natural Enquiry would make him, for want of a more juſt Knowledge of his Creator, fall into Superſtition, and believe every Fountain, Grove and Foreſt, inhabited by ſome peculiar Deity, that beſtow'd upon Mankind the Stream, the Shade, and the Breeze.

But we are inform'd that the wonderful Creator of all Things after he had given the Rivers to flow, the Earth to bring forth, and the Beaſts to feed, ſaw and approv'd his Work, but thought a dumb, brute and mechanick World an imperfect Creation 'till inhabited by a conscious Being, whose Happineſs ſhould conſiſt in Obedience to, and a Contemplation on, Him and his *Wonders*.

For this Reason Man was created with intellectual Powers and higher Faculties, who immediately beheld with Joy and Rapture, a World made for the Support and Admiration of his new Being; how came he into this happy happy State! Whence the Order! The Beauty! The *Melody* of this *living* Garden! Are the Trees verdant? Do the Birds ſing? Do the Fountains flow for no other Reason but to delight and entertain him? How does he paſs through the moſt

moſt bright and delicious Objects, and how does he *burn* to ter himſelf upon the *Ecſtatick* Motions which they give m! In ſuch ſweet Inquietude were the firſt Hours of the Vorld ſpent, and in this *Laſſitude* of Bliſs and Thought our arent fell into a profound Sleep, when his Maker, who new how irkſom a lonely Happineſs was to a ſociable Nature, form'd out of his Side a Companion, Woman: He wak'd, and by a ſecret Simpathy beheld his Wife: He beeld his own rougher Make ſoften'd into Sweetneſs, and mper'd into Smiles: He ſaw a Creature (who had as were Heav'ns ſecond Thought in her Formation) to hom he could communicate his Conceptions, on whom e could *glut* his Eyes, with whom he could raviſh his eart: Over this Conſort his Strength and Wisdom claim'd, ut his Affection reſign'd the Superiority: These both *qual* and both *Superior* were to live in perfect Tranquilli-, and produce as happy a Progeny: The Earth and all its ruits were theirs, except only one Tree: Which light *In-nction* was all that was requir'd of 'em as an Inſtance of eir Obedience and Gratitude to his Bounty, who had gi-n 'em everything else. But ſuch was their Vanity and ngratitude, that they ſoon forgot the Dependance ſutable a borrow'd Being, and were deluded into an empty Hope becoming by their Transgreſſion like their Creator, and ho' juſt born of the Duſt) proud enough from that Noxiſtence to disdain one that was precarious: They did *erefore eat* and were undone; they offended God, and like *their* ſucceeding Criminals againſt him, were conſcious at they did ſo. Innocence and Simplicity were baniſh'd eir Bosoms, to give way to Remorse and Conviction. uilt and Shame are the new Ideas they have pluck'd from e Tree of Knowledge: Their affronted Creator pronoun-s upon 'em a Sentence which they now think more ſup-rtable than the Pain of his offended Presence, which he ithdrew; and commanded Nature to give 'em no further oluntary Obedience; ſo that he was now to extort from r the Continuance of their wretched Condition by Toil nd Labour, and ſhe to bring forth Heirs to it with Pangs nd Torture.

This is the Account we have from a certain neglected Book, which is call'd, and for its genuin Excellence above all other Books deservedly call'd The Scripture: And methinks we may be convinc'd of the Truth of this Hiſtory of our Parents, by the infallible Spots and Symptons of their hereditary Disease in our Tempers, Pride and Ingratitude: For what is more natural to us, than by an unreaſonable Self-Opinion, (tho' we cannot but feel that we are but mere Creatures and not of ourselves) to aſſume to ourſelves the Praise and Glory of our Capacities and Endowments! And how lazy, how unwilling are we to *eradicate* the deep and inward Satisfaction of Self-admiration? However, it muſt be confeſs'd, that 'tis the moſt ſenseleſs and ſtupid of all our Infirmities, for 'till you can remember and recount to us, when that thinking, *throbbing* Particle within, firſt resolv'd to *wear* a Body, when it ſpun out its Arteries, Fibres and Veins, contriv'd the warm circulating Stream that runs through 'em, when you firſt ventur'd to let the Heart pant, the Lungs ſuck Air, and at laſt to lanch the whole tender Machine into the Hazard of Motion; 'till I ſay, you can acquaint us with all this, you muſt kneel and fall down before him, by whom you were thus fearfully and wonderfully made.

But the firſt Pair, now ſuſpicious of each other, baniſh'd the more immediate Influence and Presence of their Almighty Protector, were liable (Naked and Diſtreſs'd as they were) to be entangled by the Thorn and the Brier, and torn by the Lion and Wolf, who have ever ſince been prompted to fly in the Faces of the deteſted Ingrates. Therefore the increaſing World, for their Defence againſt themselves and other Animals, were obliged to go into Contracts and Policies, ſo that human Life (by long Gradation) ascended into an Art: The Tongue was now to utter one Thing, and the Bosom to conceal another; and from a Deſire of Superiority in our deprav'd Natures, was bred that unsatisfyed *Hunger*, Ambition; a monſtrous Excrescence of the Mind, which makes Superfluity, Riches, Honour and Diſtinction, but mere Neceſſities of Life, as if 'twere our Fate in our fallen Condition (leſt a Supply of what frugal Nature deſires ſhould be obtain'd) to find out

n Indigence foreign to us, which is incapable of being re-ev'd, and which (to confirm our Want and Misery) in-reases with its Acquisitions: Under this leading Crime, re Envy, Hatred, Cruelty, Cunning, Craft, and Debate, muster'd and arm'd; and a Battalion of Diseases, Torments nd Cares, the natural Effects of those Evils, become our Bosom Companions; from which no Arms can rescue, no Flight secure us, but a Return to that God, in whose Pro-ection only is our native lost Seat of Rest and Tranquillity. To which Abode since our Expulsion we cannot dare to ap-proach, but Guilt which runs even to Succours it knows vain, makes us, with our first Parents in the same Circum-stances, hide from Omnipotence: I said in the same Cir-cumstances, for we have not only implicitly committed heir Crime, as we were in them, but do also actually re-peat it into our own Persons: For when a created Being relinquishes the Power of its Creator, and instead of rely-ng on his Conduct and Government, draws to itself an in-dependent Model of Life, what does it but pluck from the Tree of Knowledge, and attempt a Theft of Understand-ng, from him who is Wisdom itself? This is a tremendu-ous Consideration, yet is there not that Man breathing, who has any where placed his Confidence but in God, and considers seriously his own Heart, but feels its Weight, nor can the Bosom under it receive any Impression, but that of endless Despair.

But behold the Darkness disperses, and there is still Hope breaking in upon our Sorrow, by the Light of which we may again lift up our Eyes and see our Maker: For in the midst of our deserv'd Misery, our Reconciliation is coming on through a Mediator, who is perfectly uncon-cern'd in our Crime: But tho' innocent of our Transgres-sion, assumes that and our Nature, and, as an Atonement for us, offers his Life a Ransom, with this regard on our Part, that as it is an Expiation, it is also an Example: An Example to instruct us, that not only the first Command laid upon us was a reasonable one, but also the present Life easy and supportable, for he himself voluntarily undergoes it in its greatest Calamities: He who had all Things in his Power, and wanted all Things, by inforcing an abstinent

Use

Use of Wealth, and patient enduring of Poverty, reſtores us not only to the Bliſs of leading this Life with Satisfaction and Reſignation to the divine Will (which only is our true Life) but by a ſhort Paſſage thro' a momentary Death, transſlates us to an happy everlaſting Exiſtence, incapable of Sorrow, Wearineſs or Change: To accompliſh which great Revolution, our glorious Deliverer from ourselves deſign'd to eſtabliſh his Empire, not by Conqueſt, but a Right much more laſting, *arduous* and *indiſputable Conviction*; for our Slavery being intellectual and in our own Boſoms, the Redemption muſt be there also; yet the World, inchanted with its own imaginary Notions of Freedom, knew not how to receive ſo abſtracted a Manumiſſion, but contemn'd the Promise of Reſtoration to *Life* and *Liberty*, from a poor Man who himself enjoy'd none of the Advantages which arise from those *dear* (but *miſunderſtood*) Appellations.

MAY we then without Blame approach and behold this ſacred and miraculous Life? How, alas! ſhall we trace the miſterious Steps of God and Man? How conſider him at once in Subjection to, and Dominion over Nature?

THE more appoſite (tho' moſt ſlow) Method of reducing the World to its Obedience, was that our bleſſed Saviour ſhould appear in the deſpicable Attire which he did without any of those attendant Accidents which attract the Eye, and charm the Imagination: For the Knowledge which he was to introduce, being an eternal Truth; the proper Manſion for it was in the Reaſon and Judgment, into which when it had once enter'd, it was not to be remov'd by any Impreſſions upon the lower Faculties, to which it was not to be beholden for a Reception. There is not therefore one Inſtance in the New Teſtament of Power exerted to the Deſtruction, tho' ſo many to the Preſervation of Mankind: But to a degenerate Race, he that heals, is leſs valued than he that kills: Confuſion, Terror, Noiſe and Amazement, are what only ſtrike ſervile Minds; but Order, Simmetry, ſilent Aw, Bleſſings and Peace, are Allurements to the Open, Simple, Innocent and truly Knowing; yet the very Nation among whom the holy JESUS deſcended to converſe, had (if we may ſo ſpeak) in

a manner tir'd Heav'n with appearing in the more pom-
ous Demonſtrations of its Power: They paſs'd through
Vaves *divided* and *erect* for their March, they were ſuper-
turally fed in a Wilderneſs, a Mountain ſhook, and Thun-
r utter'd their Law; Nations were deſtroy'd to gain them
heritance! But they ſoon forgot their Benefits, and upon
e leaſt Ceſſation of Fear and Miracle, they deſerted their
reator, and return'd to their own handy-work Deities,
ho were as ſenſeleſs of their Makers, as themſelves were
theirs.

THUS ſhort-liv'd is Wonder, and thus impotent to fix
what we have ſaid our Law-giver deſign'd) Conviction.
or which Reaſon our Aſtoniſhment in the New Teſta-
ent is more ſparingly rais'd, and that only to awaken our
ttention to plain, eaſy, and obvious Truths (which ſup-
ort themſelves when receiv'd) by the Authority of Mira-
es.

WE read that he was led into a Wilderneſs, *Mat.* 4.
here he wonderfully bore Hunger and Want
r forty Days; in the Height of which Exigence and Ne-
ſſity, the Tempter came to him and urg'd him, if he
ere the Son of God, to relieve his preſent Miſery, by
rning the Stones into Bread; which Attempt when he
und fruitleſs, and obſerv'd that he would uſe no ſuper-
tural Relief, but bear human Nature and its Infirmities,
attacks him the moſt acceptable Way to our *Weakneſs* in
e Supplies of Pride and Vanity: He ſhewed him the King-
ms and Glory of the World, (which he had purchaſed
om Man by his Defection from God) and offer'd him the
ominion of 'em if he would worſhip him; but our
ord contemn'd this alſo, and in his Want and Poverty re-
r'd into a private Village; where and in the adjacent Parts
the neceſſitous Man lay in Obſcurity, the merciful God
d not, for he never diſcontinued his viſible benign Aſſiſt-
ce, to the Relief of the diſeas'd, the poſſeſs'd and the
rmented.

IN his admirable Sermon upon the Mount, he *Mat.* 5.
ves his divine Precepts in ſo eaſy and familiar
Manner, and which are ſo well adapted to all the Rules of
fe and right Reaſon, that they muſt needs carry through-

out a ſelf-evident Authority to all that read 'em; to those that obey 'em, from the firm Satisfaction which they inſpire; to those that neglect 'em, from the Anxiety that naturally attends a contrary Practice: There is the whole Heart of Man discovered by him that made it, and all our ſecret Impulses to Ill, and false Appearances of Good, expos'd and detected: Among other excellent Doctrines, one which methinks muſt be, to those who are ſo harden'd as to read the divine Oracles with Unbelief, an irrefragable Argument of his Divinity: *But when thou prayeſt, enter into thy Cloſet, and when thou haſt ſhut thy Door, pray to thy Father which is in Secret, and thy Father which ſeeth in ſecret, ſhall reward thee openly.* Now it cannot enter into the Heart of Man, that any but God could be the Author of a Command ſo abſtracted from all worldly Intereſt; for how absurd were it in a Being, that had not an Intercourse with our Souls, or knew not their moſt ſecret Motions, to direct our Application to itself, ſo ſtrictly apart, and out of the Observation of any Power leſs than Ubiquitary?

Mat. 6. 6.

THERE came to him a Captain, in the Behalf of his Servant, grievouſly tormented with a Palſy: Our Lord promis'd him to come and heal him; but the Soldier (with an Openeſs and Sincerity of Mind peculiar to his Profeſſion) who could not believe in, or ſerve him but with his whole Heart, told him, he knew Nature was in his Power with as deſpotick a Subjection, as his Men were under his, begg'd him only to ſpeak him whole, and he knew he would be ſo: Our Saviour extoll'd his honeſt frank and unreſerved Confidence, gave him a ſutable Succeſs, ſending him away with this glorious Eulogium, that he had not found ſuch Faith, no not in *Iſrael*.

Mat. 8.

THUS did he beſtow Mercy and Salvation upon the eaſy and common Terms of ordinary *Friendſhip*, as if there needed nothing to make him, but believing he would be their Benefactor. And who, in the leaſt Affairs, is a Friend to him that diſtruſts him?

IN plain and apt Parable, Similitude and Allegory, he proceeded daily to inſpire and inforce the Doctrine of our Salvation; but the

Mat. 13. 55.

ey of his Acquaintance, instead of receiving what they uld not oppose, were offended at the Presumption, of ing wiser than they: Is not this the Carpenter's Son, is t his Mother called *Mary*, his Brethren, *James*, *Joseph*, *mon*, and *Judas*? They could not rise their little Ideas ove the Consideration of him, in those Circumstances miliar to 'em, or conceive that he who appear'd not more rrible and pompous, should have anything more exalted an themselves; he in that Place therefore would not lon- r ineffectually exert a Power which was incapable of con- ering the Prepossession of their narrow and mean Con- ptions.

MULTITUDES follow'd him, and brought him *Mat.* 15. e Dumb, the Blind, the Sick and Maim; hom when their Creator had touch'd, with a second Life ey saw, spoke, leap'd and ran; in Affection to him, and dmiration of his Actions, the Crowd could not leave him, t waited near him three Days, 'till they were almost as nt and helpless as others they brought for Succour: He d Compassion on 'em, commanded 'em to be seated, and th seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes, fed four thou- d Men, besides Women and Children: Oh the ecstatick tertainment, when they could behold their Food imme- tely increase to their Distributer's Hand, and see their d in Person feeding and refreshing his Creatures: Oh en- d Happiness! But why do I say envied, as if our good d did not still preside over our temperate Meals, chear- Hours, and innocent Conversations.

BUT tho' the sacred Story is every where full of Miracles, inferior to this, and tho' in the midst of those Acts of inity, he never gave the least Hint of a Design to become cular Prince, or in a forcible or miraculous Manner to t off the *Roman* Yoke they were under, and restore in those disgrac'd Favourites of Heav'n, to its former ulgence, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves *deep-set* is our natural Pride) any other than Hopes of rldly Power, Preferment, Riches and Pomp: For *Pe-* who it seems ever since he left his Net and his Skiff, amt of nothing but being a great Man, was utterly un- e to hear our Saviour explain to 'em upon an Accident

of Ambition among 'em, that his Kingdom was not of this World; and was ſo ſcandaliz'd, that he, whom he had ſo long follow'd, ſhould ſuffer the Ignominy, Shame and Death which he foretold, that he took him aſide and ſaid,

Be it far from thee, Lord, this ſhall not be
Mat. 16. 22. *unto thee*; for which he ſuffer'd a ſevere Reprehenſion from his Maſter, as having in his View the Glory of Man, rather than that of God.

The great Change of Things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a Saviour and Deliverer to make his publick Entry into *Jeruſalem*, with more than the Power and Joy, but none of the Oſtentation and Pomp of a Triumph: He came humble, meek and lowly; with an unfelt new Ecſtaſy, Multitudes ſtrow'd his Way with Garments and Olive-branches, crying with loud Gladneſs and Acclamation, *Hoſannah to the Son of* David!
Mat. 21. *Bleſſed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord!*
At this great King's Acceſſion to the Throne Men were not ennobled but ſav'd; Crimes were not remitted, but Sins forgiven; he did not beſtow Medals, Honours, Favours, but Health, Joy, Sight, Speech! The firſt Object the Blind ever ſaw, was the Author of Sight, while the Lame ran before, and the Dumb repeated the *Hoſannah!* Thus attended, he entred into his own Houſe the Sacred Temple, and by his divine Authority expell'd Traders and Worldlings that prophan'd it; and thus did he for a Time, use a great and despotick Power, to let Unbelievers underſtand, that 'twas not Want of, but Superiority to, all worldly Dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour, is this the Deliverer? Shall the obſcure *Nazarene* command *Iſrael*, and ſit in the Throne of *David*? Such were the unpleaſant Forms that ran in the Thoughts of the then powerful in *Jeruſalem*, upon the moſt truly glorious Entry that ever Prince made; for there was not one that follow'd him, who was not in his Intereſt: their proud and disdainful Hearts, which were putrified with the Love and Pride of this World, were impregnable to the Reception of ſo mean a Benefactor, and were not enough exaſperated with Benefits to conſpire his Death. Our Lord was ſenſible of their Deſign, and prepar'd

Diſciples for it, by recounting to 'em now more diſtinctly what ſhould befal him; but *Peter* with an ungrounded Reſolution, and in a Fluſh of Temper, made a ſanguine Proteſtation; that tho' all Men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great Article of our Saviour's Buſineſs in the World, to bring us to a Sense of our Inability, without God's Aſſiſtance, to do anything great or good; he therefore told *Peter*, who thought ſo well of his Courage and Fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he ſhould deny him thrice that very Night. *Mat.* 26. 33.

But what Heart can conceive, what Tongue utter the Sequel? Who is that yonder buffeted, mock'd and ſpurn'd? Whom do they drag like a Felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour and my God? And will he die to expiate thoſe very Injuries? See where they have nail'd the Lord and Giver of Life! How his Wounds blacken! His Body writhes and Heart heaves with Pity, and with Agony! Oh Almighty Sufferer, look down, look down from thy triumphant Infamy; lo he inclines his Head to his ſacred Bosom! Hark he groans, ſee he expires! The Earth trembles, the Temple rends, the Rocks burſt, the Dead arise; Which are the Quick? Which are the Dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator.

CHAP. III.

THERE was nothing in our Saviour's own Deportment, or in the Principles he introduced for our Conduct, but what was ſo far from oppoſing, that they might naturally fall in with the Statutes or Forms of any Civil Government whatever, and regarded 'em no otherwiſe than to make us more obedient to 'em: Yet the Profeſſors of this Doctrine were told they were to meet but very little Quarter, for the acceptable Service they were to do

do 'em, but muſt lay down their very Lives to bring us to
Contempt of their Grandeur in compariſon of greate
and higher Purſuits: In order to this great End, their de
ſpicable Artillery were Poverty and Meekneſs; the Conſi
deration therefore of thoſe Arms is no Digreſſion fro
our Purpoſe: It is in every Body's Obſervation with wh
Diſadvantage a poor Man enters upon the moſt ordina
Affairs, much more diſputing with the whole World, an
in Contradiction of the Rich, that is, the Wiſe; for
certainly as Wealth give Acceptance and Grace to all th
its Poſſeſſor ſays or does, ſo Poverty creates Diſ-eſteem
Scorn and Prejudice to all the Undertakings of the Ind
gent: The neceſſitous Man has neither Hands, Lips, o
Underſtanding, for his own or Friend's Uſe, but is in th
ſame Condition with the Sick, with this Difference onl
that his is an Infection no Man will relieve, or aſſiſt, or
he does, 'tis ſeldom with ſo much Pity, as Contempt, an
rather for the Oſtentation of the Phiſician, than Compa
ſion on the Patient: It is a Circumſtance, wherein a Ma
finds all the Good he deſerves inacceſſible, all the Ill un
voidable; and the poor Hero is as certainly ragged, as th
poor Villain hang'd: Under theſe Preſſures the poor Ma
ſpeaks with Hæſitation, undertakes with Irreſolution, an
acts with Diſappointment: He is ſlighted in Men's Con
verſations, overlook'd in their Aſſemblies, and beaten
their Doors: But from whence alaſs has he this Treatmen
From a Creature that has only the Supply of, but not
Exemption from the Wants, for which he deſpiſes him
For ſuch is the unaccountable Inſolence of Man, that h
will not ſee that he who is ſupported, is in the ſame Cla
of natural Neceſſity with him that wants a Support; an
to be help'd, implies to be indigent. In a Word, after
you can ſay of a Man, conclude that he is rich, and yo
have made him Friends; nor have you utterly overthrow
a Man in the World's Opinion, 'till you have ſaid he is poo
This is the emphatical Expreſſion of Praiſe and Blame, fo
Men ſo ſtupidly forget their natural Impotence and Wan
that Riches and Poverty have taken in our Imagination th
Place of Innocence and Guilt; he therefore that has ſuffer
the Contumelies, Diſappointments and Miſeries which a

ten

tend the poor Man's Condition, and without running into baſe, indecent or ſervile Arts for his Redreſs, hath return'd upon an inſolent World its Scorn, He (I ſay) has fought a nobler Fight, conquer'd greater Difficulties, and deſerves a brighter Diadem, than ever Fortune beſtow'd on the moſt fonded and moſt gaudy of her Favourites; but to capaciate one'ſelf for this hard Work, how neceſſary is that ſublime and heroick Virtue, Meekneſs, a Virtue which ſeems the very Characteriſtick of a Chriſtian, and ariſes from a great, not a groveling Idea of Things: For as certainly as Pride proceeds from a mean and narrow View of the little Advantages about a Man's ſelf, ſo Meekneſs is founded on the extended Comtemplation of the Place we bear in the Univerſe, and a juſt Obſervation how little, how empty, how wavery are our deepeſt Reſolves and Councils; and as (to a well taught Mind) when you've ſaid an haughty and proud Man, you have ſpoke a narrow Conception, little Spirit, and deſpicable Carriage; ſo when you've ſaid a Man's meek and humble, you've acquainted us, that ſuch a Perſon has arriv'd at the hardeſt Task in the World, in an univerſal Obſervation round him, to be quick to ſee his own Faults and other Men's Virtues, and at the Height of pardoning every Man ſooner than himſelf; yet you've alſo given us to underſtand, that to treat him kindly, ſincerely and reſpectfully, is but a meer Juſtice to him that's ready to do us the ſame Offices: This Temper of Soul keeps us always awake to a juſt Senſe of Things, teaches us that we are as well a-kin to Worms as to Angels, and as nothing is above theſe, ſo is nothing below thoſe: It keeps our Underſtanding tight about us, ſo that all Things appear to us great or little as they are in Nature, not as they are gilded or ſullied by Accident and Fortune.

Meekness is to the Mind, what a good Mein is to the Body, without which, the beſt limb'd and fineſt complexion'd Perſon may be very diſagreeable; and with it, a very homely and plain one cannot be ſo; for a good Air ſupplies the Imperfection of Feature and Shape, by throwing a certain Beauty on the Whole, which covers the Diſagreeableneſs of the Parts; it has a State and Humility peculiar to itſelf above all Virtues, like the Holy Scripture, its ſacred

Record, where the higheſt Things are expreſs'd in the mo… easy Terms, and which carries throughout a condeſcendin… Explanation, and a certain Meekneſs of Stile.

With this Circumſtance, and this ready Virtue, th… faithful Followers of a crucify'd Maſter were to ſhape the… Courſe to an eternal Kingdom, and with that in Proſpe… to contemn the Hazards and Diſaſters of a cruel and imp… nitent Generation. Great were the Actions and Suffering… of all our bleſſed Saviour's Apoſtles, but St. *Paul* being p… culiarly ſent to us who were or are *Gentiles*, he methink… more particularly challenges our Regard: God who b… ſtow'd upon others ſupernaturally the Gift of Tongue… but not of Arts, thought therefore fit to make uſe of him… already Maſter in ſome Meaſure of both, and qualified t… converſe with the politer World by his Acquaintance wit… their Studies, Laws and Cuſtoms: But tho' he ſhews him… ſelf by frequent brisk Sallies and quick Interrogatorie… skilful in approaching the Paſſions by Rhetorick, yet he… very modeſt in any of thoſe Ornaments, and ſtrikes all… long at the Reaſon, where he never fails to convince th… Attentive and Unprejudic'd; and tho' his Perſon was ver… deſpicable (which to a Stranger is almoſt an inſuperable In… convenience) yet ſuch was the Power of the commandin… Truth which he utter'd, and his Skill how and when to u… ter it, that there every where appears in his Character, e… ther the Man of Buſineſs, the Gentleman, the Hero, th… Apoſtle, or the Martyr; which Eminence above the othe… Apoſtles might well be expected from his ſanguine and un… dertaking Complexion, temper'd by Education, and quick… ned by Grace: 'Tis true indeed, he had oppos'd in the mo… outragious and violent Manner this new Faith, and was a… ceſſary to the Murther of the glorious Leader of the Arm… of Martyrs, St. *Stephen*; but that fierce Diſpoſition fell o… with the Scales from his Eyes; and God, who ever regar… the Intention, chang'd his miſtaken Method of ſervin… him, and he is now ready to promote the ſame Religion b… his Sufferings, which before he would have extirpated b… his Perſecutions. He and his Companion had made ver… great Progreſs in the Converſion both of *Jews* and *Gentile*… but certain Unbelievers prompted the Multitude to a Reſo…

lutio…

tion at a general Aſſembly to aſſaſſine 'em, but he advertis'd of it fled unto *Lycaonia*, where *Acts* 14.

heir Actions and Eloquence were very ſucceſsful: But at *Lyſtra*, a certain poor Cripple (from his Mother's Womb) eard him with very particular Attention and Devotion, whom the Apoſtle (obſerving in his very Countenance his warm Contrition, and Preparation of Soul to receive the Benefit) commanded to ſtand up, upon which he immediately jump'd upon his Legs, and walked: This Miracle arm'd the whole City, who believ'd their Gods had deſcended in human Shapes: *Barnabas* was immediately *Jove*, nd *Paul* his *Mercury*: The Prieſt of *Jupiter* now is coming o ſacrifice to 'em with Oxen and Garlands: But

hey ran into the Multitude; We are Men like Ver. 15.

ou, are ſubject to the ſame Weakneſs, Infirmities, and Paſſions with yourſelves: We, alaſs! are impotent of the great Things ourſelves have done; your and ur Creator will no longer let you wander in the Maze and Error of your Vanities and falſe Notions of his Deity, but as ſent us with Inſtances of his Omnipotence to awake ou to a Worſhip worthy him, and worthy you. Oh raceful Paſſage to ſee the great Apoſtle oppoſe his own Succeſs! Now only his Vehemence, his Power and his Eloquence are too feeble when they are urgent againſt themelves; for which Prayers and Entreaties the Crowd could ardly be prevail'd upon, to forbear their Adoration. But his Applauſe, like all other, was but a meer Guſt, for the Malice of certain *Jews* follow'd 'em from *Iconium*, and uickly inſinuated into the giddy Multitude as much Rancour as they had before Devotion; who in a tumultuary Manner ſton'd St. *Paul*, and drag'd him as dead out of the Gates of the City; but he bore their Affronts with much eſs Indignation than their Worſhip: Here was in a trice the ighest and loweſt Condition, the moſt reſpectful and moſt nſolent Treatment that Man could receive; but Chriſtiaity, which kept his Eye upon the Cauſe not Effect of his ctions, (and always gives us a tranſient Regard to tranſitory Things,) depreſs'd him when ador'd, exalted him hen affronted.

But

But these two excellent Men, tho' they had the Endearments of Fellow-Suffering, and their Friendſhip heightned by the yet faſter Tie of Religion, could not longer accompany each other, but upon a Diſpute about taking *Mark* with 'em, who it ſeems had before deſerted 'em, their Diſſention grew to the higheſt a Reſentment between generous Friends ever can, even to part and eſtrange 'em: But they did it without Rancour, Malice, or perhaps Dis-eſteem of each other; for God has made us, whether we obſerve it at the Inſtant of being ſo or not, ſo much Inſtruments of his great and ſecret Purposes, that he has given every individual Man, I know not what peculiarly his own, which ſo much diſtinguiſhes him from all other Persons, that 'tis impoſſible, ſometimes, for two of the ſame generous Reſolutions, Honeſty and Integrity to do well together; whether it be that Providence has ſo order'd it to diſtribute Virtue the more, or whatever it is, ſuch is the frequent Effect. For these noble Personages were forc'd to take different Ways, and in those were eminently useful in the ſame Cause; as you may have ſeen two chimical Waters, asunder, ſhining and transparent, thrown together, muddy and offenſive.

Acts 15. v. 39.

The Apoſtle was warn'd in a Viſion to go into *Macedonia*, whether he and his new Companion *Silas* accordingly went. At *Philippi* he commanded an evil Spirit to depart out of a young Woman; but her Maſter (to whom her Diſtraction was a Revenue, which ceas'd by her future Inability to answer the Demands usually made to her, with the ordinary Method of hiding private Malice in publick Zeal, rais'd the Multitude upon 'em, as Diſturbers of the publick Peace, and Innovaters upon their Laws and Liberties: The Multitude hurry'd 'em to the Magiſtrates, who happening to be as wise as themselves, commanded 'em to be ſtripp'd, whipp'd and clapp'd in Goal: The Keeper receiving very ſtrict Orders for their ſafe Cuſtody, put 'em in Irons in the Dungeon; the abus'd Innocents had now no Way left for their Redreſs, but applying to their God, who, when all human Arts

Acts 16.

Arts and Forces fail, is ready for our Relief, nor did St. *Paul* on leſs Occaſions implore preternatural Aſſiſtance;

* *Nec Deus interſit niſi dignus vindice Nodus*
Inciderit———

Let not a God approach the Scene,
In Caſes for a God too mean.

We muſt, to Men of Wit and Gallantry, quote out of their own Scriptures. Their generous Way of Devotion, and begging Aſſiſtance, was giving Thanks for their preſent Extremities: In the midſt of their Sores and Chains, they ſang Hymns and Praises to their Creator: Immediately the Bolts flew, the Manacles fell off, the Doors were opened, and the Earth ſhook: The Goaler awakes in Terror, and believing all under his Cuſtody escap'd went to diſpatch himself; but St. *Paul* calls to him, he comes and beholds his Priſoners detain'd by nothing but their amazing Liberty; the Horror, Sorrow, Torture and Despair of a Dungeon, turn'd into the Joy, the Rapture, the Hallelujah, the Ecſtasy of an Heaven; he fell trembling at the Apoſtles Feet, reſign'd himself to his Captives, and felt in himself the happy Exchange of his Liberty, for that Yoke in which alone is perfect Freedom. Early the next Morning, upon this ſtupendious Occaſion, the Magiſtrates ſent Orders those Men might be releas'd: But St. *Paul*, who knew he had Law on his Side, and that his being a Prisoner made him not the leſs a Gentleman and a *Roman*, ſcorn'd their pretended Favour, nor would regard their Meſſage, 'till they had themselves in as publick a Manner acknowleg'd their Offence, as they had committed it, which they did by attending 'em in the Goal, and deſiring in a ceremonious Manner they would leave the City; upon which the Apoſtle accepted his Inlargment, and when he had ſettled what Buſineſs he had in that Town, left it and its Rulers to forget that painful Truth, which they had neither Power to gainsay, nor Ingenuity to acknowledge. *Acts* 16.

His

* Horace's *General Epiſtle to the* Pisos', *Verſe* 105.

His taking leave of the Chief of the *Epheſian* Churches is hardly to be read without Tears, where, when he had reminded 'em of his whole blameleſs, diſintereſted, humble and laborious Carriage, he acquaints 'em with his Reſolution of going to *Jeruſalem* and never to return thither; he knew not, he ſaid, what would particularly befal him there, but that in general Afflictions, Diſtreſſes and Indignities were the Portion of his Life, which he was ready to hazard or lay down in a Cauſe which has a certain Sweetneſs in it, that can make a Man embrace his Chains and enjoy his Miſeries; what could be anſwer'd to his gallant Declaration and Behaviour but what they did,

Acts 20. 38. who *All wept ſore, and fell on St.* Paul's *Neck, and kiſſed him: Sorrowing moſt of all for the Words which he ſpake, that they ſhould ſee his Face no more.* Certain *Jews* of *Aſia* were glad to ſee him again at *Jeruſalem*, and inflam'd the City with their perſonal Knowledge of his Carriage, to the Diſparagment of the Temple, and the Rites of their Nation: Upon which he had been torn to Pieces, had he not been reſcu'd by the commanding military Officer there; of whom (going with him as a Priſoner into the Caſtle) he obtain'd the Liberty of ſpeaking to the People: They heard him with great Attention, 'till he contradicted their Monopoly of God; at which they loſt all Order and Patience. But Oppoſition was ſo far from diſpiriting, that it did but quicken his Reſolution; for his great Heart, inſtead of fainting and ſubſiding, roſe and biggen'd in proportion to any growing Danger that threatned him; however he is carry'd to his Imprisonment, but not ev'n there to be without Debate, for he is by the Commander's Order to be ſcourg'd, to which he does not paſſively, or basely ſubmit, but aſſerts his *Roman* Priviledge, and Exemption from ſuch Indignities.

Acts cap. 23. He was thereupon next Morning brought down to a Trial by a Council of his own Nation, where upon his very opening his Mouth, the Chief Prieſt commanded him to be ſtruck, for which he calls him Hipocrite and falſe Pretender to Juſtice, who could use a Man, he was to ſit as Judge of, ſo inhumanly; but his good Breeding being founded upon no leſs a Sanction

ſanction than the Command of God, he immediately recollects himſelf, and acknowledges his Error and Diſreſpect to the Dignity of his Office: Yet obſerving (by this Treatment from the Preſident of the Council) the Uſage he was to expect, by a very ſkilful Turn he makes Friends in an Aſſembly unanimous in his Ruin, but in that only unanimous; for *Phariſees*, in which Sect he was bred, compoſing Part of the Court, he cloſes with their Belief of a Reſurrection, and there grounded the Cruelty he had met with among the *Jews*: This put 'em into ſo great a Flame, that to ſave him he was forcibly taken away into the Place from whence he came: His Enemies, gall'd to the quick at his Eſcape, conſpir'd to kill him, when (upon the High-Prieſt's Requeſt) he ſhould be remanded to a Trial: A Nephew of the Apoſtle's acquainted him with this; he was neither afraid or amaz'd at the Intelligence, but like a Man of Buſineſs and the World, diſcreetly and calmly order'd the Youth to be introduc'd to the Captain, whom he knew answerable for the Safety of his Priſoner: The Officer in the Night ſent him with a ſtrong Party to *Felix* the Governor of the Province, and directed his Accuſers to follow him thither: Before *Felix*, one *Tertullus*, a mercenary Orator, baul'd an impertinent Harangue, introduc'd with falſe Praiſe of the Judge, and clos'd with falſe Accuſation of the Priſoner, who with cogent plain Truths, and Matter of Fact, baffled his barbarous Eloquence, and obtain'd ſo good a Senſe of himſelf and his Innocence with the Viceroy, that he gave him a private Audience on the Subject of his Faith; but inſtead of then making his Court to him, he fell upon his Excellency's own darling Vices, talk'd of Righteouſneſs, Temperance and Judgment, with its Terrors for Neglect of ſuch Duties. In thoſe Heathen Times, it ſeems it was uſual to have Exceſs, Wantonneſs, and Gluttony, to be the Practice of Courts, and the Apoſtle ſo nearly touch'd his Lordſhip, that he fell into a ſudden Diſorder before his Inferior, and diſmiſs'd him 'till another Seaſon; he afterwards frequently was entertain'd by him, not without Hopes of a Bribe, which was alſo, in very old Times, the Way to the Favour of the Great.

But *Felix* now leaving his Lieutenancy to *Feſtus*, this friend-

friendleſs good Man was a proper Perſon for a Tool to his Vanity, by doing an obliging Thing to the *Jews*, in leaving him ſtill in Cuſtody at his Departure, and no leſs uſeful to his New Excellency to be ſacrific'd to 'em upon his Entry: For at their Requeſt to have him brought to *Jeruſalem*, (deſigning to diſpatch him by the Way) tho' he at firſt denied it, he afterwards propos'd it to the Apoſtle himſelf, to have the Iſſue of his Trial there: But he handſomly evaded his baſe Condeſcention, and their as baſe Malice, by appealing as a *Roman* to *Cæſar* himſelf, before whoſe Authority he alſo then ſtood: But he is ſtill kept in Goal in the ſame State, to gratify the *Jews*, 'till *Agrippa* the *Tetrarch* of *Galilee* came to wait on *Feſtus*, who (after he had been there ſome Days) entertain'd him with the Case of St. *Paul*, and acquainted him that he was at a Loſs what to do with him: He was ſo odious to the *Jews*, that he car'd not to enlarge him, and ſo innocent in himſelf, that he knew not what Account to ſend with him to *Rome*: This mov'd *Agrippa*'s Curioſity to hear him himſelf; in very great Pomp, he, his Siſter, and whole Retinue came to his Trial: The Apoſtle made ſo excellent a Defence, that mean, wrong'd, poor and unfriended as he was, he was neither ridiculous or contemptible to that courtly Audience, but prevail'd ſo far upon the greateſt and wiſeſt Man there, that he forc'd him to declare, *Thou haſt almoſt perſuaded me to be a Chriſtian*; it would, methinks, be a Sin not to repeat his very handſom Answer.

Acts 26. 29. *I would to God, that not only thou, but alſo all that hear me this Day, were not only almoſt, but altogether ſuch as I am, except thoſe Bonds.*

His Appeal made it neceſſary in Course of Law, that he ſhould go to *Rome*; in his Paſſage thither, and in the Tempeſt, Hunger and Shipwrack, his Conſtancy was not a Support to him only, but also to the whole Company; and being thrown upon a barbarous Iſland, he did and receiv'd mutual Offices among the poor Savages, not yet cultivated into Ingratitude. At *Rome*, the other Prisoners were carry'd into ſafe Cuſtody, but he was permitted, with a Soldier only for his Ward, to live

Acts 27.

live in his own hired House, teaching the Things which concern the Lord JESUS CHRIST, no Man forbidding him; for it was only in *Nero*'s Reign, nor had *Rome* yet arriv'd at the exquisite and refin'd Tyranny of an Inquisition. Thus we have been distinct in running thro' the more illustrious Passages of this consummate Life and Character, as they are plac'd in Holy Writ, and may presume, after all the Injuries we have done him, that there is not any Portraiture in the most excellent Writers of Morality, that can come up to its native Beauty; yet was not he contented to serve his God only by Example, but has as eminently done it by Precept; where he pursues Vice, and urges Virtue with all the Reason, Energy and Force that either good Sense or Piety can inspire: And not upon the airy and fleeting Foundation of the Insensibility noble Minds bear to the Assaults of Fortune; which has been the Impertinence of Heathen Moralists, and among them *Seneca*.

" * A good Man is not only the Friend of God, but the " very Image, the Disciple, the Imitator of him, and the " true Child of his heav'nly Father: He is true to himself, " and acts with Constancy and Resolution. *Scipio*, by a " cross Wind being forc'd into the Power of his Enemies, " cast himself upon the Point of his Sword; and as the " People were enquiring what was become of the Gene- " ral; the General, says *Scipio*, is very well, and so he ex- " pir'd. A gallant Man, is Fortune's Match: His Courage " provokes and despises those terrible Appearances, that " would enslave us: A wise Man is out of the Reach of " Fortune, but not free from the Malice of it; and all At- " tempts upon him are no more than *Xerxes*'s Arrows; " they may darken the Day, but they cannot strike the Sun.

THIS is *Seneca*'s very Spirit, Opinion and Genius; but alas, what Absurdity is here! after the Panegyrick of a brave or honest Man, as the Disciple and Imitator of God, this is instanc'd in the basest Action a Man can be guilty of; a General's dispatching himself in an extreme Difficulty, and deserting his Men and his Honour; and what is this but doing a mean Action with a great Countenance? What could

* Le Strange's *3d. p. of* Seneca's *Morals, Epist.* 26.

could this Imitator of God, out of the Power of Fortune, do more in Obedience to what they call ſo, than ſacrificing his Life to it: But this is Bombaſt got into the very Soul, Fuſtian in thinking!

Quanto Rectius hic qui nil molitur Inepte.

How much better he;

1 Cor. 15. *v.* 58. *Be ye ſtedfaſt, unmoveable, always abounding in the Works of the Lord, forasmuch as you know that your Labour is not in vain in the Lord.*

Here is ſupporting ourſelves under Misfortunes, propoſed upon the reasonable Terms of Reward and Puniſhment; and all other is fantaſtick, arrogant and ungrounded.

The firſt Epiſtle to *Corinth* is moſt exquiſitely adapted to the preſent Temper of *England*, nor did ever that City (tho' proverbial of it) pretend to be more refinedly pleas'd than at preſent *London*: But St. *Paul* more emphatically diſſuades from thoſe embaſing Satisfactions of Senſe.

1 Cor. 6. *v.* 13. *Meats for the Belly, and the Belly for Meats; but God ſhall deſtroy both it and them.*

He, methinks, throws Bluſh and Confuſion in the Face of his Readers, when he argues on theſe Subjects; for who can conceive his Body, the Manſion of an immortal Spirit, capable to receive the Aſpiration and Grace of an eternal God, and at the ſame time, by Gluttony and Drunkenneſs, entertain in that Place Fuel to enflame themſelves into Adultery, Rage and Revenge? As if our Miſery were our Study and Chaſtity, Innocence and Temperance, (thoſe eaſy and agreeable Companions) were not preferable to the Convulſions of Wrath, and Tortures of Luſt.

1 Cor. 6. 15. *Know ye not that your Bodies are the Members of Chriſt, ſhall I then take the Members of Chriſt, and make them the Members of an Harlot?*

How ugly has he made *Corinna* at one Sentence? Shall I, who am conſcious that he who laid down an immaculate Body, to cleanſe me from the Filth and Stain of a polluted one, and know that the holy Jesus has promis'd to be preſent to all the Conflicts of my Soul, baniſh him thence, and

nd be guilty of ſo unnatural a Coition, as to throw that Temple into the Embraces of a mercenary Strumpet?

But muſt we then deſert Love and the Fair?

The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous Draught of Life go down.

No, God forbid! The Apoſtle allows us a virtuous Enjoyment of our Paſſions; but indeed extirpates all our falſe Ideas of Pleaſure and Happineſs in 'em; he takes Love out of its Diſguise, and puts it on its own gay and becoming Dreſs of Innocence; and indeed it is, among other Reaſons, from Want of Wit and Invention in our modern Gallants, that the beautiful Sex is absurdly and vitiouſly entertain'd by 'em: For there is in their tender Frame, native Simplicity, groundleſs Fear, and little unaccountable Contradictions, upon which there might be built Expoſtulations to divert a good and intelligent young Woman, as well as the fulsom Raptures, guilty Impreſſions, ſenſeleſs Deifications, and pretended Deaths that are every Day offer'd her.

No Pen certainly ever ſurpaſs'd either the Logick or Rhetorick of his fifteenth Chapter: How does he intermingle Hope and Fear, Life and Death? Our riſing from our Graves is moſt admirably argued on the received Philoſophy, that Corruption precedes Generation, and the eaſy Inſtances of new Grain, new Plants and new Trees, from the minute Particles of Seed; and when he has buried us how does he move the Heart with an *Oh Death where is thy Sting! O Grave where is thy Victory!* We have at once all along the quickeſt Touches of Diſtreſs and of Triumph. It were endleſs to enumerate theſe Excellencies and Beauties in his Writings; but ſince they were all in his more publick and miniſterial Office, let's ſee him in his private Life: There is nothing expreſſes a Man's particular Character more fully, than his Letters to his intimate Friends; we have one of that Nature of this great Apoſtle to *Philemon*, which in the modern Language would perhaps run thus.

SIR,

"IT is with the deepeſt Satisfaction that I every Day "hear you commended, for your generous Behaviour

" to all of that Faith, in the Articles of which I had the " Honour and Happineſs to initiate you; for which, tho' " I might preſume to an Authority to oblige your Compli- " ance in a Requeſt I am going to make to you, yet chuſe " I rather to apply myſelf to you as a Friend, than an A- " poſtle; for with a Man of your great Temper, I know " I need not a more powerful Pretence than that of my " Age and Impriſonment: Yet is not my Petition for my- " ſelf, but in the Behalf of the Bearer, your Servant *One-* " *ſimus*, who has robb'd you, and ran away from you; " what he has defrauded you of, I will be anſwerable for, " this ſhall be a Demand upon me; not to ſay that you owe " me your very ſelf: I call'd him your Servant, but he is " now alſo to be regarded by you in a greater Relation, ev'n " that of your Fellow-Chriſtian; for I eſteem him a Son " of mine as much as yourſelf; nay, methinks it is a cer- " tain peculiar Endearment of him to me, that I had the " Happineſs of gaining him in my Confinement: I beſeech " you to receive him, and think it an Act of Providence, " that he went away from you for a Seaſon, to return more " Improv'd to your Service for ever.

THIS Letter is the ſincere Image of a worthy, pious and brave Man, and the ready Utterance of a generous Chriſtian Temper; How handſomely does he aſſume, tho' a Priſoner? How humbly condeſcend, tho' an Apoſtle? Could any Requeſt have been made, or any Perſon oblig'd with a better Grace? The very criminal Servant, is no leſs with him than his Son and his Brother; for Chriſtianity has that in it, which makes Men pity, not ſcorn the Wicked, and by a beautiful Kind of Ignorance of themſelves, think thoſe Wretches their Equals; it aggravates all the Benefits and good Offices of Life, by making 'em ſeem Fraternal; and the Chriſtian feels the Wants of the Miſerable ſo much his own, that it ſweetens the Pain of the oblig'd, when he that gives, does it with an Air, that has neither Oppreſſion or Superiority in it, but had rather have his Generoſity appear an enlarg'd Self-Love than diffuſive Bounty, and is always a Benefactor with the Mein of a Receiver.

THESE are the great and beauteous Parts of Life and Friendſhip; and what is there in all that Morality can pre-

ſcribe,

ſcribe, that can make a Man do ſo much as the high Ambition of pleaſing his Creator, with whom the Methods of Addreſs are as immutable as the Favour obtain'd by 'em?

HERE methinks we could begin again upon this amiable Picture, or ſhall we ſearch Antiquity for the Period and Conſummation of his illuſtrious Life, to give him the Crown and Glory of Martyrdom? That were a needleſs Labour, for he that has been in a Battle, has to his Prince the Merit of having dy'd there; and St. *Paul* has ſo often in our Narration confronted Death, that we may beſtow upon him that celeſtial Title, and diſmiſs him with the juſt Eulogy in his own ſpritely Expreſſion that he *dy'd daily*.

Now the Addreſs and Conſtancy with which this great Apoſtle has behav'd himſelf in ſo many various Forms of Calamity, are an ample Conviction that to make our Life one decent and conſiſtent Action, we ſhould have one conſtant Motive of Living, and that Motive a Confidence in God: For had he breath'd on any other Cauſe, inſtead of Application to the Almighty, he muſt (on many Occaſions which we have mention'd) have ran to the Dagger, or the Bowl of Poiſon: For the Heathen Virtue preſcribes Death before Stripes or Impriſonment; but whatever pompous Look, elegant Pens may have given to the Illuſtrious diſtreſs'd (as they would have us think the Perſons are, who to evade Miſeries, have profus'd their Lives, and ruſh'd to Death for Relief:) If we look to the Bottom of Things, we ſhall eaſily obſerve, that 'tis not a generous Scorn of Chains, or delicate Diſtaſte of an impertinent Being, (which two Pretences include all the Varniſh that is put upon Self-murther) but it ever was, and ever will be, Pride or Cowardize, that makes Life inſupportable: For ſince Accidents are not in our Power, but will (in ſpite of all our Care and Vigilance) befal us; what remains, but that we accommodate ourſelves ſo far, as to bear 'em with the greateſt Decency and handſomeſt Patience we are able? And indeed Reſiſtance to what we cannot avoid, is not the Effect of a valiant Heart, but a ſtubborn Stomach: Which Contumacy, 'till we have quite rooted out our Pride, will always make Things too little, and our Cowardize too large: For as Fear gives a falſe Idea of Sufferings, and Attempts,

as above our Strength, tho' they are not ſuch, ſo Vanity makes Things deſpicable, and beneath us, which are rather for our Honour and Reputation; but if Men would ſincerely underſtand that they are but Creatures, all the Diſtinctions of Great and Little, High and Low would be eaſily ſwallow'd up in the Contemplation of the Hopes we entertain in the Place we ſhall have in his Mercy who is the Author of all Things.

CHAP. IV.

BUT ſince we have hitherto treated this Subject in Examples only, (by a View of ſome eminent Heathen, by a diſtant Admiration of the Life of our bleſſed Saviour, and a near Examination of that of his Apoſtle St. *Paul*,) and ſince the Indulgence of Men's Paſſions and Intereſts, calls all Things that contradict their Practice, mere Notion, and Theory: We muſt from this Place deſcend from the bright Incentives of their Actions to conſider lower Life, and talk of Motives which are common to all Men, and which are the Impulſes of the ordinary World, as well as of Captains, Heroes, Worthies, Lawgivers and Saints. Which when we have perform'd, if it ſhall appear, that thoſe Motives are beſt us'd and improv'd, when join'd with Religion; we may reſt aſſur'd, that it is a ſtable, ſober and practical, as well as generous, exalted and heroick Poſition, that true Greatneſs of Mind is to be maintain'd only by Chriſtian Principles.

WE will venture then to aſſert, that the two great Springs of human Actions are Fame and Conſcience; for tho' we uſually ſay ſuch a one does not value his Reputation, and ſuch a one is a Man of no Conſcience, it will perhaps be very eaſy to prove, that there ſeldom lies a Perſon ſo profligate and abandon'd, as not to prefer either the one or the other, even to Life itſelf; and by the way, methinks, the quick Pleaſure Men taſte in the one, and as lively Smart

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in the other, are ſtrong Arguments of their immortal Nature: For ſuch abſtracted Sufferings and Enjoyments argue our Souls too large for their preſent Manſions, and raiſe us (ev'n while we are in theſe Bodies) to a Being which does not at all affect 'em, but which is wholly ſpiritual and immaterial.

So ſtrong (as we were going to proceed) is the Paſſion for Fame, that it never ſeems utterly exſtinct: For not to look among the Men of the Sword,(whoſe whole Pay it is,) andwho ſuffer infinite Hazards, Toils and Miſeries,to enjoy it; not, I ſay, to dwell upon them, whoſe more profeſſed Purſuit is Glory, we ſhall find it intrudes alſo as reſtleſly upon thoſe of the Quill, nay the very Authors who conceal their Names, are yet vainer than they who publiſh theirs. They both indeed aim at your Applauſe, but the mock Diſguiſe of themſelves in the former, it but a more ſubtle Arrogance, at once to enjoy your Eſteem, and the Reputation of contemning it: Nay not only ſuch who would recommend themſelves by great Actions, and liberal Arts, but ev'n the loweſt of Mankind, and they who have gone out of the Road, not only of Honour, but alſo common Honeſty, have ſtill a remaining Reliſh for Praiſe and Applauſe. For you may frequently obſerve Malefactors at an Excution, even in that Weight of Shame and Terror, preſerve as it were a Corner of their Souls for the Reception of Pity, and die with the ſturdy Satisfaction of not appearing to bend at the Calamity, or perhaps deſert their Accomplices by the Sacrifice and betraying of whoſe Lives we frequently ſee they might have ſav'd their own.

By which laſt Inſtance (that the baſeſt Men have ſtill ſomething Punctilious to 'em) we may obſerve that the Senſe of Fame and Conſcience is never quite kill'd, but that when we are come to the worſt, we have only carry'd 'em into another Intereſt, and turn'd our Gratifications that Way only to different Objects; nor can it be imagin'd that the Love-Hiſtories we daily hear young Fellows relate of the Favours and Fondneſs of debauch'd Women to 'em, can be all that Time deſign'd for a Self-Accuſation: No their idle Minds have only ſhifted their Senſe of Things, and tho' they Glory in their Shame, yet ſtill they glory.

What then muſt Men do to make themſelves eaſy in this invincible Paſſion, or how ſhall they poſſeſs a Thing that is of ſo inconſiſtent a Nature, that if they will be Maſters of it, they muſt ſhun it: For if they ſpeak to their own Advantage, or ſuffer another to do it to 'em, they are equally contemptible: Thus they ſpend their Lives in Purſuit of *an ever abſent Good*; and yet, tho' Applauſe muſt never come quite Home to 'em, they are it ſeems miſerable, except they are conſcious that they have it.

Nor if every Heart lies open to it, that Heart that is moſt paſſionate to it, muſt be in eternal Anxiety to attain it, tho' that very Love frequently leads to the Loſs of it: For when our utmoſt Bliſs is plac'd in this charming Poſſeſſion of Praiſe, and the World's Opinion of our Accompliſhments, a Flatterer needs no more in Attempts upon Men's Honeſty and Women's Chaſtity, but their being convinc'd their Crimes may be a Secret: So eaſily, alaſs! are both Sexes led by Admiration into Contempt.

To rectify therefore and adjuſt our Deſires in this Kind, we have the other concomitant Motive of a living Conſcience, or the Knowledge and Judgment of what we are doing, which in the Voyage of Life is our Ballaſt, as the other is our Sail: But tho' Fame and Conſcience, like Judge and Criminal, are thus plac'd together in us, they will have an Underſtanding, and go into each others Intereſt, except there is a Superior Court, in which both may be examin'd. Here was the unhappy Block on which the noble Heathen ſtumbled, and loſt his Way; for the bare Conſcience of a Thing's being ill, was not of Conſideration enough of itſelf to ſupport Men in the Anguiſh of Diſgrace, Poverty and Impriſonment. But Succeſs, Applauſe, Renown, Honour and Command, had Attractions too forcible to mere Men, to be relinquiſh'd but with Life itſelf; to which Truth, the braver and higher Part of the Heathen World have dy'd Martyrs.

The different Sects and Sortings of themſelves into diſtinct Claſſes of Opinion, ſeem to be no other than the Proſecution of this natural Impulſe to Reputation which Claſs was Stoical or *Epicurean*, or the like, according to the Force and Bent of their Complexions, which they miſunderſtood

underſtood for their Conſcience; and *Saluſt* begins his fine Story of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, with an Acknowledgment to this Purpoſe, for he takes it to be the peculiar Duty and Superiority of the human Race above other Animals (which he calls prone and obedient to their Bellies) *NeVitam Silentio tranſeant*, not to let Life paſs away in a lazy Silence; and further, *Is mihi Demum vivere & frui Anima videtur qui, Negotio aliquo intentus Artis, bonæ Famam quærit*: He only in his Opinion might truly be ſaid to *Live*, who being employ'd in ſome uſeful Affair, obtain'd a Reputation in an Honeſt or liberal Art. Thus this Author of ſober and excellent Senſe, makes it the End and happy Conſummation of a well-ſpent Life, to arrive at a good Fame; which makes our Aſſertion in the Beginning of this Diſcourſe very natural, *viz.* That the Heathen Virtues, which were little elſe but diſguis'd or artificial Paſſions, (ſince their Good was in Fame) muſt riſe or fall with Diſappointment or Succeſs.

Now our good God, who claims not an utter Extirpation, but the Direction only of our Paſſions, has provided alſo for this great Deſire, in giving it a Scope as boundleſs as itſelf; and ſince 'tis never to be ſatisfy'd, has allow'd it an Aim which may ſupply it with eternal Employment. *Let your Light ſo ſhine before Men that they may ſee your good Works, and Glorify your Father which is in Heaven.* Mat. 5. 16.

In this Command is the whole Buſineſs of Reputation (about which we are ſo miſerably anxious) wholly rectify'd: And Fame no longer a turbulent wayward, uneaſy Purſuit, but (when thus made a ſubordinate and ſecondary Cauſe of Action) a calm, eaſy, indifferent and untroubled Poſſeſſion.

And what more glorious Ambition can the Mind of Man have, than to conſider itſelf actually imploy'd in the Service of, and in a manner in Conjunction with, the Mind of the Univerſe, which is for ever buſy without Toil, and working without Wearineſs.

Thus the Spirit of Man, by new Acquiſitions, will daily receive Earneſts of a nobler State, and by its own Enlarge-

ment better apprehend that Spirit, after whoſe Image it was made, which knows no Confinement of Place.

This adjuſted Paſſion will make Men truly agreeable, ſubſtantially famous, for when the firſt Intention purſues the Service of the Almighty, Diſtinction will naturally come, the only Way it ever does come, without being apparently courted; nor will Men be loſt through a Fondneſs of it, by Affectation in the familiar Life, or Knavery in the Buſy:

It is not a ſtoical Rant, but a reaſonable Confidence in a Man thus arm'd, to be unmov'd at Misfortunes; let the Sea, or the People rage; let the Billows beat, the World be confus'd, the Earth be ſhook; 'tis not to him a Terror, but a daily Requeſt of his to haſten the very laſt Day of human Nature, that he may finiſh this various Being, and enjoy the Preſence of his Maker in an endleſs Tranquillity.

Thus, by taking in Fame, the Chriſtian Religion (and no other Motive) has fortify'd our Minds on all ſides, and made 'em impregnable by any Happineſs or Miſery with which this World can attack it: And now, if it is impartially apparent to us, that the Chriſtian Scheme is not only the way to Eaſe and Compoſure of Mind in unhappy Circumſtances, but alſo the nobleſt Spur to honeſt and great Actions, what hinders but that we be baptiz'd, and reſolve all our perplex'd Notions of Juſtice, Generoſity, Patience and Bravery, into that one eaſy and portable Virtue, Piety? which could arm our Anceſtors in this Faith with ſo reſtleſs and victorious a Conſtancy, that by their Sufferings, their Religion, from the Outcaſt and Scorn of the Earth, has aſcended Soveraign Thrones; and *Defender of the Faith*, and *moſt Chriſtian King*, are Appellations of the greateſt Monarchs of the moſt refin'd Nations; nor can we enough thank the Almighty, who has diſpos'd us into the World, when the Chriſtian Name bears Pomp and Authority, and not in its offenſive, low and deſpis'd Beginnings: But alaſs! its State is as much militant as ever, for there are earthly and narrow Souls, as deeply ſcandal'd at the Proſperity the Profeſſors and Teachers of this ſacred Faith enjoy, and object to 'em the Miſeries and Neceſſities of the primitive Believers! Light and ſuperficial Men! Not ſeeing that Riches is a much more dangerous Diſpenſation than that of Poverty;

verty; this we oppoſe as a Foe, that we run to meet as a Friend, and an Enemy does his Work more ſucceſsfully in an Embrace than a Blow: But ſince the Neceſſaries, Conveniences and Honours of Life, which the Clergy enjoy, are ſo great an Offence to their Deſpiſers, they are the more engag'd to hold 'em dear; for they who envy a Man for what he has, would certainly ſcorn him without it; when therefore they are both in good and bad Fortune irreconcilable to 'em, may they always offend with their Happineſs; for it is not to be doubted, but that there are Biſhops and Governors in the Church of *England*, whoſe decent Hoſpitality, Meekneſs and Charity to their Brethren, will place 'em in the ſame Manſions with the moſt heroick Poor; and convince the Miſtake of their Enemies, that the Eternal Paſtor has given his Worldly Bleſſings into Hands by which he approves their Diſtribution; and ſtill beſtows upon us great and exemplary Spirits, that can conquer the Difficulties and Enchantments of Wealth itſelf.

To follow ſuch excellent Leaders, it will be neceſſary we now conſider alſo what may be our beſt Rule in that State we call our good Fortune, and enquire whether Chriſtianity can as well become its Profeſſors in the Enjoyments of Proſperity, as we have ſeen it has in the Hardſhips of Adverſity; this alſo we ſhall beſt know, by contemplating our natural Frame and Tendency, which Religion either aſſiſts or corrects in theſe Circumſtances.

The eternal God, in who we live and move, and have our Being, has impreſs'd upon us all one Nature, which as an Emanation from him, who is univerſal Life, preſſes us by natural Society to a cloſe Union with each other; which is, methinks, a Sort of Enlargement of our very ſelves when we run into the Ideas, Senſations and Concerns of our Brethren: By this Force of our Make, Men are inſenſibly hurried into each other, and by a ſecret Charm we lament with the Unfortunate, and rejoice with the Glad; for it is not poſſible for an human Heart to be averſe to anything that is human: But by the very Mein and Geſture of the Joyful and Diſtreſs'd, we riſe and fall into their Condition; and ſince Joy is communicative, 'tis reaſonable that Grief ſhould be contagious, both which are ſeen and felt at

a Look, for one Man's Eyes are Spectacles to another to read his Heart: Thoſe uſeful and honeſt Inſtruments do not only diſcover Objects to us, but make ourſelves alſo tranſparent; for they, in ſpite of Diſſimulation, when the Heart is full, will brighten into Gladneſs, and guſh into Tears: From this Foundation in Nature is kindled that noble Spark of Celeſtial Fire, we call Charity or Compaſſion, which opens our Boſoms, and extends our Arms to embrace all Mankind, and by this it is that the amorous Man is not more ſuddenly melted with Beauty, than the Compaſſionate with Miſery.

Thus are we fram'd for mutual Kindneſs, Good-will and Service, and therefore our bleſſed Saviour has been pleaſed to give us (as a reiterated Abridgment of all his Law) the Command of loving one another; and the Man that imbibes that noble Principle is in no Danger of inſolently tranſgreſſing againſt his Fellow-Creatures, but will certainly uſe all the Advantages which he has from Nature and Fortune to the Good and Welfare of others, for whoſe Benefit, (next to the Adoration of his Maker) he knows he was created. This Temper of Mind, when neither polluted or Miſled, tends to this Purpoſe, and the Improvement of it by Religion raiſes on it an exalted Superſtructure, which inclines him in his Words and Actions, to be above the little Crafts and Doubles with which the World beneath him is perplex'd: He is intrinſically poſſeſſed of what mere Morality muſt own to be a fantaſtical Chimæra, the being wholly diſintereſted in the Affairs of the Perſon he affects or befriends; for indeed when the Regard of our Maker is not our firſt Impulſe and Deſire in our Hopes and Purpoſes, it is impoſſible but that the Fondneſs of ourſelves and our own Intereſt, muſt recur upon us, and leaven the whole Courſe of our Actions: When the Fountain is muddy it muſt ſtain the Rivulet, and the predominant Paſſion gives a Tincture to all our Cares and Pleaſures; ſo that Men ordinarily love others out of a Tenderneſs to themſelves, and do good Offices to receive 'em with Encreaſe and Uſury: Nay, if we follow the beſt Friendſhip we meet with to its Source, and allow it to be what it ſometimes really is, a paſſionate Inclination to ſerve another, without Hopes or viſible Poſſibility

ſiblity of receiving a Return, yet we muſt alſo allow, that there is a deep Intereſt to ourſelves (tho' indeed a beautiful one) in ſatisfying that Inclination; but that good Intention is ſubject to be chang'd and interrupted (as perhaps it was taken up) by Accident, Miſtake, or Turn of Humour; but he that loves others for the Love of God muſt be unchangeable, for the Cauſe of his Benevolence to us is ſo; and tho' indeed he is not without Self-regard in the Hopes of receiving one Day an immenſe Reward of all his Labour, yet ſince that is ſeparate from this World, it is to all Intents of Life as far from interfering with our Purposes, as if he had no ſuch Expectation; and that very Proſpect in him is not of a ſelfiſh incommunicable Nature, but is augmented and furthered by our Participation, while his Joys are quickned and redoubled by the joint Wiſhes of others: This is that bleſſed State of Mind which is ſo excellently call'd Singleneſs of Heart; which inſeparable Peace and Happineſs, 'tis not in the Power of all the Tinſel in the World to diſcompoſe; for to a chriſtian and knowing Mind, Earth is but Earth, tho' the refin'd Dirt ſhine into Gems, and glifter into Gold.

He that thus juſtly values the Wealth which Heaven has beſtow'd upon him, cannot grow giddy in the Poſſeſſion of it, for it ſerves only to expreſs a noble and Chriſtian Nature, which diſpenſes liberally, and enjoys abſtinently, the Goods which he knows he may loſe and muſt leave: But this extenſive Magnanimity, according to the Rules of our Faith, is not to be beſtow'd on thoſe only who are our Friends, but muſt reach alſo to our very Enemies; tho' good Senſe as well as Religion is ſo utterly baniſh'd the World, that Men glory in their very Paſſions, and purſue Trifles with the utmoſt Vengeance: So little do they know that to forgive is the moſt arduous Pitch human Nature can arrive at; a Coward has often fought, a Coward has often conquer'd, but *a Coward never forgave.* The Power of doing that flows from a Strength of Soul conſcious of its own Force, whence it draws a certain Safety which its Enemy is not of Conſideration enough to interrupt; for 'tis peculiar in the Make of a brave Man to have his Friends ſeem much above him, his Enemies much below him.

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Yet tho' the Neglect of our Enemies may ſo intenſe a Forgiveneſs, as the Love of 'em is not to be in the leaſt accounted for by the Force of Conſtitution, but is a more ſpiritual and refined Moral introduc'd by him, who dy'd for thoſe that perſecuted him, yet very juſtly deliver'd to us, when we conſider ourſelves as Offenders, and to be forgiven on the reaſonable Terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not beſtow? Eſpecially when that Gift is attended with a Redemption from the cruelleſt Slavery to the moſt acceptable Freedom: For when the Mind is in the Contemplation of Revenge, all its Thoughts muſt ſurely be tortur'd with the alternate Pangs of Rancour, Envy, Hatred and Indignation: And they who profeſs a Sweet in the Enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the conſummate Bliſs of Reconciliation: At ſuch an Inſtant the falſe Ideas we receiv'd unravel, and the Shineſs, the Diſtruſt, the ſecret Scorns, and all the base Satisfactions, Men had in each others Faults and Misfortunes, are diſpell'd, and their Souls appear in their native Whiteneſs, without the leaſt Streak of that Malice or Diſtaſte which ſullied 'em: And perhaps those very Actions, which (when we look'd at 'em in the oblique Glance with which Hatred doth always ſee Things) were horrid and odious, when obſerv'd with honeſt and open Eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if Men are averſe to us in the moſt violent Degree, and we can never bring 'em to an amicable Temper, then indeed we are to exert an obſtinate Oppoſition to 'em, and never let the Malice of our Enemies have ſo effectual an Advantage over us, as to eſcape our Good-will: For the neglected and deſpised Tenets of Religion are ſo generous, and in ſo tranſcendent and heroick a Manner diſposed for Publick Good, that 'tis not in a Man's Power to avoid their Influence; for the Chriſtian is as much inclin'd to your Service when your Enemy, as the moral Man when your Friend.

Now ſince the Dictates of Chriſtianity are thus excellently ſuted to an enlarged Love and Ambition to ſerve the World, the moſt immediate Method of ſeeing to what Height they would accompliſh that noble Work, is taking the Liberty of obſerving how they would naturally influence

ence the Actions and Paſſions of ſuch Perſons, as have Power to exert all the Dictates and Impulſes which are inſpir'd, either by their Inclinations or Opinions; for whatever is acted in the narrow Path of a private Life, paſſes away in the ſame Obſcurity that 'twas perform'd in; while the Purpoſes and Conduct of Princes attract all Eyes, and employ all Tongues; in which difficult Station and Character it is not poſſible, but that a Man without Religion muſt be more exquiſitely unhappy, than the meaneſt of his Vaſſals; for the repeated Pomp and Pageantry of Greatneſs muſt needs become in Time, either languid in the Satisfactions they give, or turn the Heads of the Powerful, ſo that 'tis abſolutely neceſſary that he ſhould have ſomething of more inward and deep Regard, to keep his Condition from being an Oppreſſion, either to himſelf or others.

THERE were not ever before the Entrance of the Chriſtian Name into the World, Men who have maintain'd a more renown'd Carriage than the two great Rivals who poſſeſs the full Fame of the present Age, and will be the Theme and Examination of the future: They are exactly formed by Nature for those Ends, to which Heav'n ſeems to have ſent 'em amongſt us: Both animated with a reſtleſs Deſire of Glory, but purſue it by different Means, and with different Motives: To one it conſiſts in an extenſive undiſputed Empire over his Subjects, to the other in their rational and voluntary Obedience: One's Happineſs is founded in their Want of Power, the other's in their Want of Deſire, to oppoſe him: The one enjoys a Summer of Fortune with the Luxury of a *Perſian*, the other with the Moderation of a *Spartan*; one is made to oppreſs, the other to relieve the Oppreſſed: The one is ſatisfied with the Pomp and Oſtentation of Power to prefer and debase his Inferiors, the other delighted only with the Cauſe and Foundation of it, to cheriſh and protect 'em: To one therefore Religion is but a convenient Diſguiſe, to the other a vigorous Motive of Action.

FOR without ſuch Ties of real and ſolid Honour, there is no Way of forming a Monarch, but after the *Machiavilian* Scheme, by which a Prince muſt ever ſeem to have all Virtues, but really to be Maſter of none, but is to be liberal,

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merciful and juſt, only as they ſerve his Intereſts; while with the noble Art of Hypocriſy, Empire would be to be extended, and new Conqueſts be made by new Devices, by which prompt Addreſs his Creatures might inſenſibly give Law in the Buſineſs of Life, by leading Men in the Entertainment of it, and making their great Monarch the Fountain of all that's delicate and refined, and his Court the Model for Opinions in Pleaſure, as well as the Pattern in Dreſs; which might prevail ſo far upon an undiſcerning World as (to accompliſh it for its approaching Slavery) to make it receive a ſuperfluous Babble for an universal Language.

Thus when Words and Shew are apt to paſs for the ſubſtantial Things we are only to expreſs, there would need no more to enſlave a Country but to adorn a Court; for while every Man's Vanity makes him believe himself capable of becoming Luxury, Enjoyments are a ready Bait for Sufferings, and the Hopes of Preferment Invitations to Servitude, which Slavery would be colour'd with all the Agreements, as they call it, imaginable: The nobleſt Arts and Artiſts, the fineſt Pens and moſt elegant Minds, jointly employ'd to ſet it off, with the various Embelliſhments of ſumptuous Entertainments, charming Aſſemblies and poliſh'd Diſcourses: And those apoſtate Abilities of Men, the ador'd Monarch might profusedly and skilfully encourage, while they flatter his Virtue, and gild his Vice at ſo high a Rate, that he without Scorn of the one, or Love of the other, would alternately and occaſionally use both, ſo that his Bounty ſhould ſupport him in his Rapines, his Mercy in his Cruelties.

Nor is it to give Things a more ſevere Look than is natural, to ſuppose ſuch muſt be the Conſequences of a Prince's having no other Purſuit than that of his own Glory; for if we conſider an Infant born into the World, and beholding itself the mightieſt Thing in it, itself the present Admiration and future Proſpect of a fawning People, who profeſs themſelves great or mean according to the Figure he is to make amongſt 'em, what Fancy would not be debauch'd to believe they were but what they profeſſed themſelves, his meer Creatures, and use 'em as ſuch, by purchaſing

chaſing with their Lives a boundleſs Renown, which he, for want of a more juſt Proſpect, would place in the Number of Slaves, and the Extent of his Territories; ſuch undoubtedly would be the tragical Effects of a Prince's living with no Religion, which are not to be ſurpaſs'd but by his having a falſe one.

If Ambition were ſpirited with Zeal, what would follow, but that his People ſhould be converted into an Army, whoſe Swords can make Right in Power, and ſolve Controverſy in Belief; and if Men ſhould be ſtiff-necked to the Doctrine of that viſible Church, let 'em be contented with an Oar and a Chain in the midſt of Stripes and Anguiſh, to contemplate on him, whoſe Yoke is eaſy, and whoſe Burthen is light.

With a Tyranny begun on his own Subjects, and Indignation that others draw their Breath independent of his Frown or Smile, why ſhould he not proceed to the Seizure of the World; and if nothing but the Thirſt of Sway were the Motive of his Actions, why ſhould Treaties be other than meer Words, or ſolemn national Compacts be anything but an Halt in the March of that Army, who are never to lay down their Arms, 'till all Men are reduced to the Neceſſity of hanging their Lives on his wayward Will; who might ſupinely, and at Leiſure, expiate his own Sins by other Men's Sufferings; while he daily meditates new Slaughter, and new Conqueſt?

For meer Man, when giddy with unbridled Power, is an insatiate Idol, not to be appeased with Myriads offer'd to his Pride, which may be puffed up by the Adulation of a base and proſtrate World, into an Opinion that he is ſomething more than human, by being ſomething leſs: And alaſs, what is there that mortal Man will not believe of himſelf, when complimented with the Attributes of God? He cannot then conceive Thoughts of a Power as *omnipreſent* as his: But ſhould there be ſuch a Foe of Mankind now upon Earth, have our Sins ſo far provok'd Heav'n, that we are left utterly naked to his Fury? Is there no Power, no Leader, no Genius that can conduct and animate us to our Death, or our Defence? Yes, our great God never gave one to reign by his Permiſſion, but he gave to another also to reign by his Grace.

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ALL the Circumſtances of the illuſtrious Life of our Prince ſeem to have conſpir'd to make him the Check and Bridle of Tyranny, for his Mind has been ſtrengthen'd and confirm'd by one continued Struggle, and Heav'n has educated him by Adverſity to a quick Sense of the Diſtreſſes and Miſeries of Mankind, which he was born to redreſs: In juſt Scorn of the trivial Glories and light Oſtentations of Power, that glorious Inſtrument of Providence, moves like that, in a ſteady, calm and ſilent Course, independent either of Applause or of Calumny, which renders him, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophick, an heroick and a Chriſtian Sense, an absolute Monarch: Who ſatisfied with this unchangeable, juſt and ample Glory, muſt needs turn all his Regards from himself, to the Service of others; for he begins his Enterprizes with his own Share in the Succeſs of 'em, for Integrity bears in itſelf its Reward, nor can that which depends not on Event ever know Diſappointment.

WITH the undoubted Character of a glorious Captain, and (what he much more values than the moſt ſplendid Titles) that of a ſincere and honeſt Man, he is the Hope and Stay of *Europe*, an universal Good not to be engroſſed by us only; for diſtant Potentates implore his Friendſhip, and injur'd Empires court his Aſſiſtance: He rules the World, not by an Invaſion of the People of the Earth, but the Addreſs of its Princes; and if that World ſhould be again rous'd from the Repose which his prevailing Arms have given it, why ſhould we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whose Influence the terrible Enemy that thinks himself prepar'd for Battle, may find he is but ripe for Deſtruction, and that there may be in the Womb of Time great Incidents, which may make the Cataſtrophe of a proſperous Life as unfortunate, as the particular Scenes of it were ſucceſsful.

FOR there does not want a skilful Eye, and resolute Arm, to observe and graſp the Occaſion: A Prince, who from a juſt Notion of his Duty to that Being, to whom he muſt be accountable, has in the Service of his Fellow-Creatures, a noble Contempt of Pleaſures and Patience of Labours, to whom 'tis hereditary to be the Guardian and Aſſerter of

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the native Rights and Liberties of Mankind; and who, with a rational Ambition, knows how much greater 'tis to give than to take away; whose every Day is productive of ſome great Action, in behalf of Men's universal Liberty, which great Affection to 'em 'tis not in the Power of their very Ingratitude to alienate; he is conſtant and collected in himself, nor can their Murmurs interrupt his Toil, any more than their Dreams his Vigilance; a Prince, who never did or ſpoke anything that could juſtly give Grief to his People, but when he mention'd his *Succeſſion* to 'em: But what grateful Mind can bear that inſupportable Reflection? No, we will with endleſs Adoration implore Heav'n to continue him to us, or expire in Heaps before his Pavilion, to guard his important Life, and in the joint-Cause of Heav'n and Earth, our Religion and our Liberty, deſtroy like miniſtring Angels, or die an Army of Martyrs.

F I N I S.

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